WEATHER—(OHIO,—FAIR TONIGHT AND SUNDAY; FREEZING TEMPERATURE.

CAN YOU BEAT IT? News Want Ads WORK WHILE YOU SLEEP!

THE LIMA NEWS

READ THE NEWS FOR Election Returns WEDNESDAY, NOV. 6.

XTEENTH YEAR | LIMA, OHIO, SATURDAY, NOVEMBER 2, 1912. | PRICE TWO CENTS

One Dead, Many Injured In St. Louis Hotel Fire

omen Spring From Windows Before Firemen Could Render Aid--Jewels are Thrown Into Street During the Excitement.

(By United Press)

. Louis, Nov. 2.—One person ead and twenty-three injured, e probably fatally, as a result n early morning fire which deyed the Berlin, one of the most ionable family hotels in St. s today.

here were 150 guests in the l. The names of a majority of n figure daily in the society af- of St. Louis. An aunt of D R ncis, former governor of Misi was carried down a ladder escaped unharmed.

he blaze was first discovered by nest just recovering from an ill- and unable to sleep. Servants through the halls shrieking the m and there was a wild rush for the fire escapes were locked and the panic stricken men and women began jumping. Firemen caught several women who leaped to the ground. In every instance women were given the preference in escaping by means of ropes On the third floor J. L. Hibberd lowered his wife and mother and Mrs. W. L. White, by a rope and then attempted to lower himself. He fell and was seriously injured.

The guests reached the street clad only in their night clothes. Women grabbed their jewelry and other valuables and threw them out of the windows and, in some instances, jumped out after them it is believed the personal loss to the guests will reach $100,000

There were scores of thrilling escapes and rescues

Madame Lula Vettakarst was lowering herself to the ground by a rope of bed clothing when it broke. She fell but landed on a mattress that another guest had just thrown out of the window. F. B. Bowlsby was lowering himself by a rope when it was burned in two. He fell and his chest was crushed. Rev. Wm. J. Williamson, who lived in the hotel, rescued several women, carrying them out through the smoke and flames.

James Watson carried his mother, 76 years old, through the flames to safety.

While the fire was at its height, one of the hose reels which was just arriving to fight the blaze struck a street car Three of the firemen are believed to have been fatally injured. They were rushed to a hospital.

At an early hour today several persons known to have been in the hotel had not been accounted for, but fire chief Swingley said he was confident all but one escaped and that the missing guests would be found safe in shelter near the hotel.

The fire damage to the property will reach $250,000.

BATTLE NOW WAGING MAY SETTLE THE BALKAN WAR

ERY BLOODY BATTLE NEARING A CLOSE.

Budapest, Nov. 2—A battle omparable with any in the orld's history was drawing its close before the gates of onstantinople today.

On both sides—Bulgarian nd Turkish—nearly 500,000 en have been engaged Fight ng began ten days ago and as raged almost continuously nce.

The battle front was about irty miles long at first Then stretched to nearly 100 Today it had narrowed again to bout thirty as the sea hemned the combatants in on nther side.

Military men here figure hat losses on each side will pproximate 75,000 men

(By United Press)

Frankfort on The Main, Germany, Nov. 2.—Turkey has asked the Balkan allies for an rmistice, according to an unonfirmed report telegraphed oday from Belgrade to the Gazette.

Vienna, Nov. 2.—The main Turkish force was massed today on the Constantinople side of the line of fortifications extending from Silivri on the sea of Marmora, to Kera Burun, on the Plack Sea.

These fortifications originally were very strong but have fallen into considerable disrepair Their defenders are numerically the enemy's superiors but they were hopelessly disorganized Outside the fortifications were several large bodies seeking to oppose the Bulgarians' advance upon the fortifications themselves, but the Bulgarians were driving them steadily backward

Terror reigned in Constantinople. The bulletins of victories which the government has been issuing were intended to prevent a panic but everyone knew today that they were untrue.

On Thursday and Friday 15,000 wounded Turks arrived in the capital The population's alarm has been increasing steadily since the news of the defeat at Lule Burgas began to filter from the front yesterday Order was only preserved today by strict enforcement of martial law. Bodies of troops patrolled the streets constantly. Several attempts to start disturbances were suppressed by the prompt shooting of the participants. If the troops are driven back into the city, however, the authorities will certainly lose all control over the situation.

MONARCHY PREVAILS.

Berlin, Nov. 2—Anarchy prevails in Turkey according to despatches from the Balkans today.

Order exists only where the invaders of the Sultan's dominions have established it. They have not been long enough established in the territories they have seized to have accomplished much as yet. The Turks, beaten everywhere have lost all control The disgraceful character of the defeats the Sultan's troops have sustained were just beginning to be learned fully today. They were not the soldiers' fault but that of the government which sent them into battle hopelessly disorganized and unprepared.

ARMY IS A MOB.

The Turkish army was transformed quietly into a howling, murderous mob, each man bent only on safety for himself The flight resembled a fire rush in a theatre. Soldiers trampled one another in their haste. Approximately 200,000 men swept back in a great wave before the Bulgarian advance.

When Gen. Nazim Pasha saw the tide of the conflict turning against him at Lule Burgas he appealed frantically, again and again for reinforcements. Several trainloads of men were rushed forward from Chorlu but many of them were unarmed. Others were wounded who had previously been sent to the rear as incapable of further fighting

The raw levies whom the government had insisted on placing at the fore front, started the rout The throwing away of guns and ammunition fairly overwhelmed the older troops who struggled to stand their ground. Many officers who tried to check the panic were killed by their own men.

WHOLE COMPANIES KILLED.

From their rear, which should have been their front—the Bulgarians poured a devastating artillery fire into the Turks ranks Whole companies were wiped out—the men shot in their backs.

As the flight began to slack a strong force of starving mutineers—practically no provision had been made by the government for feeding the troops in the field—came upon and attacked a war correspondents' train Their officers and the correspondents beat off the attack with their revolvers

Frantic as was their pursuit the Bulgarians were literally outrun by the fugitives It was not until the latter were safely out of range of the enemy's fire that their officers began to restore a degree of order among them. The few Turkish detachments at Lule Burgas which did fight, fought like madmen They neither gave nor accepted quarter. When their ammunition was exhausted, they continued to resist with bayonets, knives and even with their fists and teeth Some shot themselves rather than surrender. There were spots where dead Turks lay literally in heaps with circles of Bulgarian corpses around them.

It was plain today that the army as a whole was hopelessly demoralized, however. No military experts here looked to see the capital's last defenses hold out for more than a few hours

With the Turks defeated along their last line, they will be driven directly into Constantinople That the foreign warships in the capital vicinity will be able to prevent a massacre was regarded as doubtful

EXPLOSION ON A BATTLESHIP INJURES MANY

SIX MEMBERS OF THE VERMONT'S CREW ARE SEVERELY SCALDED.

(By United Press)

Norfolk, Va, Nov. 2—In an explosion in the boiler room of the battleship vermont late last night six men were scalded, two receiving possibly fatal injuries. While the ship was cruising a short distance off the capes which form the entrance to Hampton Roads, a part of the boiler burst, filling the engine room with scalding water and steam

Captain Hughes immediately sent a wireless message to the hospital ship, Solace, and the wounded men were transferred at sea to that vessel which brought them to the Norfolk hospital today

The injured men are:

R M WAGNER, fireman, second class

M C HORAN, coal passer

J W NEWBERRY, fireman, first class

M T. GREEN, fireman, first class

C. A HOTELING, coal passer.

P. W. KRAMER, coal passer.

Judges by the Sound.

"My wife has an idea," remarked the man on the car, "that motorcycles are run with dynamite."—Toledo Blade

COUPLE ARRESTED HERE AND HELD FOR CHICAGO MURDER

Chas Conway & Wife
Dalhart Texas

BEATRICE RYALL

CHARLES CONWAY

The Confession

The statement made public by the police as the formal confession of Mrs Conway is in part as follows

Sophia invited us to come to Chicago. We took a suite of three rooms for light housekeeping My husband and I occupied one of the bedrooms and Miss Singer and Warthen, he fiance, occupied the other. We were out of money and Sophia knew this before we came to Chicago.

"On the night of the killing we had dinner together and Warthen went out Sophia went out to post a letter and came back after a while with her shoes wet She took them off and was in her stocking feet about to change them We had quarrelled a little about the expenses which Sophia was paying.

"We were destitute and Sophia threatened to take Warthen and leave us stranded.

"Sophia said we were not doing anything to get money She said she had met a rich old man and wanted me to go out with her to meet him and another man. 'Con' was furious at this He said I did not have to make money that way.

"I was washing dishes at the sink I heard a fall I went into the bedroom and Sophia was lying there

"My husband said to me 'Hurry, let's get our things and get out of here before she gets conscious'

"We did not know she was dead. 'Con' never meant to kill her."

The confession says the pair then fled from the city with $48 which they took from Miss Singer's effects and two suits of clothes belonging to W. R Warthen, Miss Singer's fiance They went to Hammond, Ind., in a street car, and then from place to place till they reached Lima, Ohio

While the alleged confession was being wrung from the woman Conway cowered in a cell, hearing the screams and pleadings of his wife, but he did not know what was going on and was denied the privilege of speaking to any one

CONDITION CRITICAL.

Harland, the six year old son of Mr and Mrs Oliver Burgett, of 717 Greenlawn avenue, who has been seriously ill for the past two weeks with ear and throat trouble is reported in a critical condition, and will undergo a surgical operation within a few days

SERIOUSLY ILL.

Mrs M Cokely is seriously ill at her home on north Metcalf street.

KRAMER DUE FOR GRILLING

Burlesque Actress Has Offered to Act For the State.

"I'LL TESTIFY TO ALL," SHE SAYS

Police Arranging Third Degree For Circus Clown.

(By United Press)

Chicago, Nov 2—Encouraged by the success of their third degree treatment of Beatrice Ryall in obtaining a full confession of her own and Charles Conway's, part in the murder of Miss Sophia Singer, Baltimore heiress, detectives of Captain Halpin's office today planned an even more vigorous investigation of Conway himself, in the hope that he too will confess to the murder.

Beatrice Ryall, the actress, who signed her confession "Lillian B. Conway," which is one of several names she has been known by, was treated as a state's witness today

"I don't want to testify against Con," she said, "but if there is no way out I suppose I'll have to tell the truth just as I told it yesterday afternoon to the officers"

With Conway's expected confession the police said they would have completed their case, and nothing would remain, except the presentation of the facts in court.

CONWAY CHEERFUL.

Conway awoke in a cheery mood after eight hours of sound sleep, during which he snored loudly most of the time When a guard walked past his cell he was whistling "Good Bye Everybody," and after asking for a glass of water began "You Can't Expect Kisses From Me" When the guard asked Conway if he wanted his breakfast, the prisoner did not reply but walked to the far corner of his cell, and turned his back up upon the guard.

Captain Max Nootbar, who has taken charge of the examination of the prisoners, went to Conway's cell shortly afterward and asked Conway how he was feeling.

"Very comfortable, thank you," replied Conway "When are you going to have me up stairs, Cap?"

"Not until noon," answered Nootbar. As the Captain walked away Conway called him but Nootbar went out of the cell house without answering Conway asked a guard to get the captain to come back, but the guard said, "I've no time to run errands for you."

Conway did not know how much Beatrice Ryall had told the police. It was Captain Nootbar's plan to prolon ghis anxiety throughout the morning, but believing it would be much easier to break his nerve if he attempted to hold out against a confession

Miss Ryall was given a good breakfast and made comfortable in her cell Some time today she will be taken over the scene of the murder and the crime will be recited again there in order she shall have a clear recollection of all the details when she is called to testify against Conway

CANDIDATES TODAY.

Republican—President Taft in Utica at funeral of Vice President Sherman

Democratic—Gov. Wilson in New York

Progressive—Col Roosevelt at Oyster Bay.

WHAT HAVE YOU FOR

..Sale, Trade or Exchange?..

LAST Sunday The News carried over a full page of classified and wants. Tomorrow will be a bigger day and the people will be watching to fill their wants. If you have anything to Sell, Trade, Exchange or Barter Phone your want ad. before nine o'clock to-night. Either phone—One Cent a Word Pays the entire cost. Rent your furnished room; get a boarder or sell you old furniture. Put it in The Sunday News and you put a buyer at your door Monday morning.

Sodden Field Nullifies Odds On Princeton Tigers

TEAMS EVENLY MATCHED TO BATTLE SECOND TIME IN SIXTEEN LONG YEARS

(By United Press)

Cambridge, Mass., Nov. 2.—The weatherman by sending on a crisp bright day, tried to atone for his rainy day slip of yesterday, but Harvard and Princeton football players, meeting on Soldiers' field this afternoon were not in haste to forgive him. The air was ideal for football, but yesterday's downpour made the field slippery and the footing deceptive. Princeton starting a favorite, arrived in Cambridge from Auburndale, no more than an even choice. The bad turf worked to the Tiger disadvantage.

Captain Pendleton and "Hobe" Baker, the best man in the Tiger camp at rushing the ball, are light, speedy men who depend on footwork for their gains. Slippery ground almost nullifies their ability.

It was announced this morning that Princeton recognized this fact and would substitute Waller at right half for Baker, Waller being heavier and stronger, and less affected by the footing. His weight was expected to prove a powerful factor in straight line plunges. Dewitt and Waller were expected to share the brunt of the Princeton offense at the start, with Pendleton and H. Baker relieving them of the work later in the day.

Why Whalen Wouldn't Join Ironton Outfit

Ironton, O., Nov. 2.—At last it has been discovered why the Ironton club turned down Red Whalen in place of accepting him from Marion and keeping Burkel, who played at second base here in the early and latter part of the season. According to one of the local directors, a supposed good judge of playing, said that Burkel's work here in the first games was so far superior to Whalen's that the advice was handed to the local owners to hold Burkel regardless of what Whalen was doing. He gave out the dope that Whalen was an old head at the business and Burkel was just coming. Whoever tipped it to the Ironton team was surely tipping it wrong, for, outside of base-running, Burkel in his best days did not shine as did the hard-hitting and sure-fielding Whalen. Whalen was a whale, and as the same director remarked: "With Whalen in the line-up in place of Burkel, we would have won several important games and the pennant."

His words are too true, kind friends but let us allow the past to go buried.

Today's Big Game

Harvard	Position.	Princeton
Felton	L. E.	Andrews
Storer	L. T.	Phillips
Pennock	L. G.	Shenck
Parmenter	C.	Bluthenthal
Trumball	R. G.	Logan
Hitchcock	R. T.	E. Trenkman
Coolidge	R. E.	Dunlap
Gardner	Q. B.	Baker
Harwick	L. H. B.	Pendleton (Cap.)
Brickly	R. H. B.	Waller
Wendell (C.)	F. B.	Dewitt

Case Lighter But Confident

Cleveland, O., Nov. 2.—Twelve pounds to the man lighter than the Ohio State eleven, the Case team entered their annual contest this afternoon confident of winning. The winner will meet the winner of the Oberlin-Wooster game today for the Ohio conference pennant two weeks hence. Oberlin was the favorite in that contest.

The O. S. U. players were cocksure, which pleased several rooters from Columbus. Today's game means everything to the both teams. Defeat would eliminate Case from the race. Defeat for O. S. U. would rob that school of the honors desired now as it draws from the Ohio conference to join the Western conference.

MASONIC NOTICE.

Stated communication of Lima Lodge No. 205, F. & A. M. Monday evening, 4th instant. Annual election of officers. All officers and members requested to be present. A buffet lunch will be served after work is completed. All Masons in the city cordially invited to be present.

Wallace Landis Sec'y; Edward A. Dean, W. Master.

Joe Mandot, the promising lightweight who will fight Champion Ad Wolgast in New Orleans on Nov. 10. Since Mandot's defeat of Joe Rivers he has been rated a leader of the pack on Wolgast's trail.

Defiance Buried Beneath Landslide of Simpsonians

Local High School Gridders Bend to Their Task With Tireless Energy and Flop the Visitors 45--0.

(BY PETE.)

Looping his bucking forwards through the line of the opposition for almost any required distance Captain Bolan of Lima High sent his laddies through for a 45-0 victory over Defiance at college field Friday afternoon. The locals were unstoppable.

Today there is high carnival in the camp of the Simpson athletes as a result of the decisive victory.

Quarterback Bolan worked his backfield well alternating forward bucks with close-in plays and flank runs. At no period of the skirmish did the visitors flash the brilliancy that characterized their work three weeks ago when they held Lima High to a 6-0 victory. Galberach and Sheets flopped the end runs repeatedly while the heavy line arched before head-on assaults. Sudowitz and Peck were the scintillators of the back field. With talented feet they scurried past the skirmish line for great individual gains, together with Bolan, the trio scoring all of High's points.

End skirts interspersing their solid movements advanced the ball materially. Counsellor played a sterling game at right tackle, fronting a defense that threw the opposition back with losses. Miller J. Cantlon, Hibbard and Blue were the heavy men of the visitors.

The Lineup:

LIMA—45	Position.	Defiance—0.
Sheets, DeWeese	L. E.	Small
Rayn	L. T.	Hibbard (C.)
Mulligan	L. G.	J. Cantlon, Schutte C.
Downing	C.	Blue
Ferrall	R. G.	Bridenbaugh
Counsellor, Ridenour, Hitch	R. T.	Schoeninger
Galberach	R. E.	Barr
Bolan (C).	Q. B.	E. Cantlon
Sudowitz	L. H	Decker
Brown, Davis	R. H.	Miller
Peck, Ridenour	F. B.	Diehl

Referee, Mitchell. Umpire, Goldenezt; Head linesman, Eversole, Timors, Aplas and Kitzen. Time of quarters, 12 1-2 minutes. Touchdowns, Bolan, 3; Peck 2; Sudowitz, 2. Goals from touchdown, Bolan, 3.

Use the News Want Column for Results—Read for Profit.

Michael's
$10 AND $15
SUITS
BEST IN LIMA

Victoria
HOTEL
CHICAGO
Corner Clark & Van Buren Streets.
In the Loop.
250 Rooms.
$1.00 per day and up.
One-half block from LaSalle Street depot. Two blocks from Polk and Grand Central depots.
Catering to out-of-town trade. Come yourself and bring your families.
Write for map of Chicago. Moderate priced cafe in connection.
ELMER C. PUFFER,
Managing Director.

Chas. E. Eckert & Son
FUNERAL DIRECTORS
Our modern Invalid Coach for prompt and careful work. The best chairs and tables for rent.
209½ S. Main street

NEAL TREATMENT FOR THE DRINK HABIT
If you know a friend or relative who is drinking to excess and is losing business, real friends and happiness, you can save him
IN THREE DAYS
The Neal Treatment will do it. No hypodermics. If you're interested, write at once.
THE NEAL INSTITUTE
(The old Dr. Eichberg Home)
1105 E. McMillan St., CINCINNATI, O.

BODY OF LAMENTED VICE PRESIDENT RESTS IN THE SILENT TOMB

Utica, N. Y., Nov. 2.—In the presence of the President of the United States members of the cabinet, senate and house, the representatives of the diplomatic corps and men and women of every walk of life, final honors were paid today to James Schoolcraft Sherman, vice president of the United States. In deference to the wishes of Mrs. Sherman, the funeral was without display. Simple and unostentatious services were held in the first Presbyterian church and the offer of the President of a guard of regular soldiers to escort from the church to the cemetery refused. As far as possible the funeral was simple, as the dead man would have liked, and the public services were made as brief as possible under the circumstances.

President Taft and party the members of the senate and house, the distinguished from Washington reached this city at 1 o'clock. They were met by a committee headed by Thos. R. Proctor and taken directly to the Sherman house in upper Genessee street, where the President had a few brief words of sympathy with Mrs. Sherman and her three sons. Soon after the president reached the home private prayer services were held beside the coffin at which were present only the members of the family and Mr. Taft. They were led by Rev. Dr. Louis H. Holden, pastor of Christ Reformed church of which the vice president had been treasurer and a vestryman for many years.

As soon as the prayers were over the coffin was carried to the hearse and taken directly to the first Presbyterian church. The active bearers were employees of the United Trust and Deposit of which Mr. Sherman was president. The honorary pall bearers were all Uticans with the single exception of United States Senator Elihu Root, and included Thomas R. Proctor, C. S. Symonds, W. S. Doolittle, J. Francis Day, G. E. Dunham, C. B. Rogers, W. T. Baker, H. H. Cooper and Dr. Fayette H. Peck.

There was no formal escort from the home to the church. This was at the request of Mrs. Sherman. The president and members of the mourning party preceded the body to the church. Besides the mourners were seated the representatives and the house and the remainder of the edifice was filled with personal friends of the dead man.

The services in the church were conducted by Rev. Dr. Holden, assisted by Rev. Dr. Dana W. Bigelow. The funeral oration was delivered by Dr. Rev. W. M. Stryker, president of Hamilton college of which institution Mr. Sherman had been for many years a trustee. Dr. Stryker's oration was a forceful appreciation of Mr. Sherman. He spoke of the latter's youthful days in the college, of his rise in public life of his career of unselfishness and faithfulness to duty. The minister dwelt at great length on the perfect home life of the dead man; which he said was an inspiration to all. There was special music by a double quartette of male singers and by the choir of Christ church.

The public services were comparatively brief. At their conclusion the president and his party left the church by a side entrance going into Columbia street so that the enormous crowd in front of the edifice might be avoided. The casket was then removed to the waiting hearse and the cortege passed out past the Sherman home to Forest Hill cemetery. At the cemetery the body was deposited in a crypt in the beautiful Babcock mausoleum recently completed by the late Mrs. Carrie Babcock, mother-in-law of the vice-president whose body was placed in it only three weeks ago.

MAKES A DIFFERENCE.

Beryl—Isn't a lavish display of diamonds vulgar?

Sibyl—Very, if they don't happen to be glittering on you!

An Ideal.

I know of no more encouraging fact than the unquestionable ability of a man to elevate his life by a conscious endeavor. It is something to be able to paint a particular picture, or to carve a statue and so make a few objects beautiful; but it is far more glorious to carve and paint the very atmosphere and medium through which we look, which morally we can do.—Thoreau.

GETS HERO MEDAL.

Indianapolis, Nov. 2.—The Carnegie hero fund commission has awarded Mrs. May Raymond a bronze medal and a pension of $30 a month because of the heroic act of her son, Bert, who lost his life trying to save a playmate from drowning.

The Old Wagon Show.

The wagon show of long ago, it had a funny clown; we lined the way at break of day to see it into town. Our money went to the last cent to get us boys inside. But what of that? For hours we sat with eyes distended wide. The wagon show of long ago, it only had one ring, and we could sit close to it, and never miss a thing.

Use the News Want Column for Results—Read for Profit.

Ironton Ready To Quit League

According to a message sent out from Ironton Saturday there is considerable doubt about Ironton being in the Ohio State league next season. The old company is ready to quit unless a $2,000 stock company can be formed. This announcement was made following a directorate meeting Friday night.

TO VOTE FOR TAFT, PUT YOUR CROSS UNDER THE EAGLE, OR A CROSS BEFORE EACH AND EVERY ELECTOR ON THE REPUBLICAN TICKET.

11-2-3t

SMALL MERCHANTS

Unsing the Want Columns of The News declare they get better results than in display. If you can do more business, why not go after it? Our Solicitors will quote you a per-inch-rate-per-month. 22-tf

STAR CAB LINE
Is Hauling BAGGAGE
BOTH PHONES

Best 3 for 5¢ Stogies
Nufeed
Ullmann Dreifus Co. Cin'ti, O.

A VOTE FOR
Carl K. Rowlands
—FOR—
COUNTY RECORDER
IS A BOOST FOR
CLEAN POLITICS

WE HAVE DEMOLISHED HIGH PRICES
Of Pianos
H. P. Maus, Piano House
405-8-10 North Main St.
"Out of the High Rent District"

Sell Your Old Furniture

Your luxury may be another's necessity—

What you cast off as being a bit shabby, may be just what others want.

In the case of furniture, this is very true.

You can sell anything in the way of furniture—sell it second hand—if it is at all within the pale of usefulness.

Hundreds are doing it every week. You might just as well.

Telephone a Little Want-Ad to The News.

Tell what you have to sell—it will cost only a few cents—and you may make a few dollars.

417—Either 'Phone—417

Count the Words One Cent Each

GRAND FALL DISPLAY OF.....
CLOTHES AND FOOTWEAR

SEE OUR GREAT SUIT VALUES AT $8.85, $9.85, $14.85 AND $20.00, READY TO WEAR. LIMA'S SWELLEST AND BEST MADE.

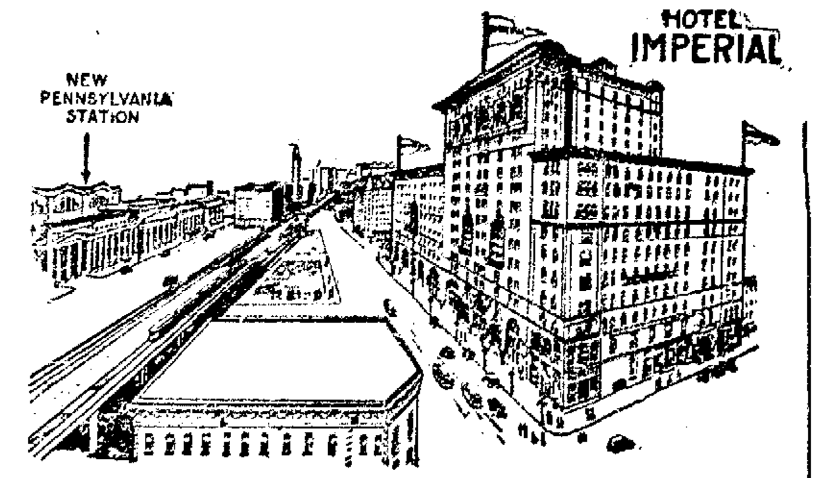
ALSO SEE OUR LINE OF SUITS TO MEASURE AT $12.00, $15.00, $18.00, $20.00 AND UPWARD. A PERFECT FIT AND BEST OF SATISFACTION GUARANTEED.

A NEW LINE OF SHAWL COLLAR SWEATERS JUST RECEIVED—$1.50 TO $5.50.

Shoe Department Complete

THE LATEST IN MEN'S, BOYS' AND WOMEN'S FOOTWEAR. THE LEADING STORE FOR GREAT VALUES—

THE OLD RELIABLE FIRM EST. 1873
Lichtenstader's
NORTHWEST COR. SQUARE.



One Block from New Pennsylvania Station
NEW YORK CITY
Hotel Imperial
On Broadway at Thirty-First and Thirty-Second Streets.
Convenient to New New York Central Terminal and the 32nd Street station of the Hudson River Tubes (just across the street) also the New Shopping District and Theaters.
Booklet, with rates, mailed on request.
ROBERT STAFFORD, Prop. Copeland Townsend, Mgr.

THE FALL OF TERRY, O. S.

A Story of the United States Navy

By ROBERT DUNN

(Copyrighted 1911 by Harper & Bros.)

JOE TERRY eyed Sydney Harbor from the signal-bridge of the U. S. S. *Arizona*, as her anchor thundered overboard and she swung beside her sister, the *Hawaii*. Intimacy with the ports of the world had touched young Joseph with something of that tired wisdom which distinguishes sailorkind. Here now was Australia to patronize. "And you ought, from the looks of you," he informed the land, "to make good for about one liberty."

So next evening, as the colliers with their spidery hoists came alongside, and Ensign Raile stood over the liberty-book on the tripod by the port gangway, Joe emerged upon the quarterdeck, redolent of salt-water soap and aiming for the beach. His lanyard had a holystoned bleach, and the letters of his hat shone like actual gold. "Oh, he's one of our gentlemen flat-feet," Raile had told a visiting Briton at Singapore, whom Joe had guided about the ship and inspired to ask who that "bloomin', well-set-up, intelligent Jack" was. "We catch them at county fairs nowadays," Raile had explained. "And this one is wiser to the harbor lines and politics of Cape Town and Calcutta than any of his officers." But just now Joe was a plain ordinary seaman, debating whether to hire a bicycle or saddle-horse from which to see the town. Anyhow, he would, as usual, shun all pool-parlors, bar conferences with strangers upon the mingled perquisites and humiliations of Service life, and dance-halls, for Joe was instinctively an anchorite cursed with a pitiful ignorance of women and all the ecstasies and quicksands of the sex.

He shouldered a confident way among the unclassed men seeking shore leave, for he had rated special first-class on the whole cruise. No overtimes, no reports whatever, marred his record, so that Raile, who commanded Joe's division, checked off the name of Terry, J., O. S., with a smile, as he reminded the less saintly throng. "We coal ship at seven o'clock tomorrow morning. And the patrol from the *Hawaii* jugs any of you on shore found late in getting to duty at your whips."

The paragon saluted, plunged down the gangway, and seized the last seat vacant in the sailing-launch.

But when the dock was in sight, Joe drew a small volume from his blouse. "A Guide to Sydney" its silvered lettering allowed. He had just received it by mail from his father, who taught in the high school at home up York State. But instead of opening the book, Joe gazed upward at the early setting June sun, and reflected that the Zoological Gardens and the Museum would surely be closed by the time he could reach either of them. And then a sudden impulse gripped him. He straightened bolt upright, and a guilty flush dyed his oval, high-cheeked features. He slipped the book overside, and dropped it into the cutter's wake.

It was high time he renounced this rooky trick of visiting points of popular interest. His division were beginning to think that he was a prig, despite his middleweight victories in the Saturday night mills on the fo'castle. He would like to make a night of it, and for the first time in his life regretted that temperance and anchoritish principles were so grained into his nature. Too long he had respected the official plot of "Four years of education by the cities of the world, aboard one of Uncle Sam's battleboats, grub free and pocket-money to boot," on the terms of which the senior Terry had condoned his enlistment, abetted by the kinetoscope man from the Buffalo recruiting-office, who had allured him with "Yankee Tars at a Mexican Bull-Fight," in the Y. M. C. A. Hall.

At the dock Joe let the blue-bloused boatful sweep past him over the string-piece, as he slid behind a stack of wool bales. There he turned over the flaps of his collar to hide the stars on them, and drawing the steel grommet from his hat, dropped it compressed like a watch-spring into his blouse. Thus he found himself a lone passenger upon the next Pitt Street tram.

A show! At last he was in a white-man's country, where you could understand an actor's lingo. A show offered a compromise between the puritan past and an abandoned future. He had resolved to hunt up theatres, when the car hove to to let aboard a slim young "cit" in a striped brown suit and with sharp, black eyes. He sat opposite Joe, and fixed him with a stare which slowly waxed expectant. He was skeleton-thin and deeply tanned, as if inured to the lonely life of seas or deserts—and that keen face beneath its broad felt hat did suddenly appear familiar.

"Joe—Farmer Terry, as I live!" the man exploded. "But I see he don't remember me," he added, at the puzzled blink which Joe returned.

"Oh, maybe I do," Joe hazarded. "What's the game? I see you ain't British nor Haustralian. And if you're a Yank, you're likely one of them that wouldn't be let back to God's country. No offence, but I've noticed that the farther a man's from home, the more and friendlier countrymen he has."

But the other broke into a laugh. "Still, I have your name piped, Joe?" he said. "Reckon that out—in the name of the old *Cumberland*?"

Joe's lips parted, as if he had sighted the city ablaze through the car window. The training-ship at Newport was a name to conjure by.

"You bright-work Nigger Auten, you!" Joe cried. "You tell me how this heathen country got you." . . . And Joe settled back to hear the exile tell of his two years in the Australian bush, his depths and heights as prospector, railway guard, sheep-rancher, since buying his discharge from a gunboat in the Philippines and casting in his lot with the antipodes. . . .

"And I stayed in the outfit," reflected Joe. "No wombat duff nor deep-lead drifting on my record. Only the same round of drills and inspections, down to missing out, qualifying pointer every target practice."

Auten dropped his eyes. "If the game *had* changed," he said, "I wouldn't be thinking as I am now of shipping over with you to-morrow. I'm down and out, what with the ranch foreclosed, and all my debts. I've got notes out overdue. There's Johnny-cops covering my trail, so I only dast to come out after dark."

Joe frowned. He divined the touch of itching palms.

"If it wasn't for—another matter—that may pull me through," Nigger hesitated, "a case I'd like to introduce you to-night, I'd have come out aboard to reenlist the minute you got in. The Service is always a home for one of us, like the workhouse for a hobo. Curse the old ocean, and come along with me here now."

The car had stopped, and the pair stepped off into the dark of the strange city. After all, Joe had but to wish at the rock of monotony, and the stream of adventure flowed.

"Over there," said Auten, pointing to a ring of bright lights up a cross-street. "And shake it up. Undesirables that call themselves bailiffs have me spotted. You still off the booze? and gun-shy of dames?"

"I'll take a seltzer," said Joe, attacked by his inborn caution.

They passed under the lights, which spelled "Warratah Saloon," and perched themselves upon stools in the "private bar." At once a tallish, transcendent creature, with amber eyes and copper-dust hair rounded over her ears, took shape behind the row of brass taps. She half closed her long lashes upon Auten, and one cheek swelled to the presence of her tongue. He winked back at her, directing her glance upon Joe, with a confident air at exhibiting so comely a comrade.

"He's wooden with a girl," explained Auten. "Knows no more about them than you do of torpedoes. Miss Cadbury, Mr. Terry."

"Ah, stow it, stow it," said Joe, writhing with diffidence.

"We'll be friends, I'm sure," bowed the barmaid, with a smile.

Joe mumbled, and braced a shy right hand across the counter; with his left he grabbed at his hat, grew flustered, and left it rakishly over one eye. The girl accepted his offer, and pounced his fist back upon the bar with undoubted pressure.

"She's the reason I spoke of, Joe, why I'm not shipping over with the outfit," said Auten. "She owns property. That is, her old man does, and an interest in this house. Eh, Irene?"

They talked bar business. It surely seemed to Joe a case of marry for them. Nigger showed an eagerness to possess her and settle down; Irene a tender solicitude toward him, which her resplendence somewhat belied, until they touched upon his debts.

"Ain't we settled all that?" put in Auten, impatiently. "If the 'pater' don't come across by to-morrow, I'm shipping over. I give him that flat last night."

"It ain't in a sailor ever to save up any quids, is it, Mr. Terry?" she asked, wistfully. "You must have seen a lot of the world. 'Ow do you like our 'arbor?"

"It's—it's good holding ground," stammered Joe, reddening at her attention. "Good, even compared with Rio——"

"I like your friend," cut in Irene to Nigger. And then she narrowed her yellow eyes upon Joe as she had upon his old shipmate, adding: "I don't know that I've ever seen a smarter uniform. So much more becoming than most of our sailormen. How old is he, Nigger?"

Auten did not answer. Joe hitched himself up upon his seat. A sudden bravery, a bravado, a masculine assertion, seemed to strike down and supplant his shyness. The red faded from his face. His jaw muscles twitched slightly, and then set into a challenging, expectant smile.

"Eyes in the boat, there, Rene," commanded Nigger, with a forced lightness.

Joe leaned forward upon the bar, oblivious, and moistened his lips. Auten studied him with a scowl.

"He's a dangerous man," Nigger added, after a pause, coldly. "You want to look out for him."

But meanwhile Irene, without taking her eyes off Joe, had measured a drink of Scotch, and filled the glass with soda, although neither man had ordered anything. Now she slid the drink to Auten, and, facing him, asked, "What 'll Jack here have?"

"Lemon—lemon squash," bristled Nigger. "That's all he ever drinks. A shot of whiskey 'd land him in the brig."

"No! Got any rye?" Joe interrupted, horsely; and without waiting for an answer, ordered, "Gimme a brandy then."

Nigger bit his lip. "Look here, you toy soldier homebreaker, you——" he began. But as Joe, stiff as iron and like a deaf man, grasped the brandy bottle which Irene had handed him, Nigger tried to drawl to her: "Go easy with him now. We can't have a kid like little Joe down and out on your hands."

"Then you oughtn't to have brought him here," she reproached him. "He should have come up home. Will he be in town long?"

"Making a hit with you, he is," growled Nigger, drumming his glass savagely.

"Oh, no fear. It's only his rig I like," she bantered. "You might look as neat dressed like him. I wish I'd known you when you were on a ship." She continued to eye Joe dreamily. Something about his advanced set-up seemed to disturb her, for she leaned forward and with both hands smoothed out the knot in his black scarf, murmuring a satisfied "There!"—as she drew back with her hand [illegible]

At her touch Joe had bent forward. The heavy lids of his arched, Irish eyes quivered. "Are there any shows in town?" he asked in a low voice. "Mebbe I can get ashore to-morrow night after coaling. I'd even jump ship," he said, as if he were short of breath.

"D—n the uniform!" exploded Nigger. "Here, give me another drink, a double one," and he pushed his glas forward roughly.

"I say now. Guests first, *Mister* Auten," rebuked Irene, filling Joe's glass again.

"Uniforms," muttered Nigger. "They ain't worth nothing, except to make hits on the beach with girls you never see again, nor want to."

"Perhaps he'd lend you his, if you arsked him," she flashed back. "His looks need no enhancement with our sex."

"If I thought I needed one, I'd take it off him," retorted Nigger, curbing his anger with a laugh of forced scorn.

"You want to try?" Joe burst out, turning on him.

Nigger held his friend's glare for an instant, and then relaxed, either in fear of Joe's superior heft, or realizing that Irene was chiefly responsible for his being stirred his passion. "Why, I'd no more hurt Joe, here, than I'd hurt you," he sneered at her. "He's only one of them chaplain's boys, that keeps a false mustache in his ditty-box. He generally wears it ashore to play dame-killer in. Never drinks. Oh no!"

"Say that again!" exploded Joe, with a snort. His was honest scorn, anyhow.

But Nigger didn't.

"I'll wager he could stand as much drink as you," put in Irene, and then checked herself, seeing that she was only fanning his anger, and that it had focussed upon her at last. A guilty feeling had poisoned her thrill in the dangerous game she had been playing in leading Joe on. She knew that only Nigger's love and his loyalty to her kept him from open accusation.

"You want to try?" Joe burst out, turning on him.

"Shut up, the both of you!" he snapped. "You've been playing with fire and better quit it. I warn you, Joe."

Irene watched the whites of Nigger's eyes gleam, his irises contract, in the losing fight with his jealousy. Its masculine depth, the strength of the bondage of these old shipmates to one another, filled her with trepidation. And Joe, as if struck by the disloyalty of his advances, had bowed his head between his shoulders with a stony stare.

But Auten could contain himself no longer. His brooding burst in a thundering clap of his palm upon the counter.

"No! You ain't the girl I thought you was!" he cried, fiercely, sweeping his glass upon the floor. "This ends it! Good night!"

"I—I'm sorry. Oh, Nigger—come back!" Irene's voice broke; but he had jumped from the stool and plunged out through the door.

"Catch him, quick!" she gasped. "Bring him back. It's all my fault—I went too far. But I couldn't resist a go for fun—and he told me you were wooden."

Joe shot her a glance, part yearning, part awe; and vanished without a word.

He knew well enough where to find his old shipmate. It was late, and only the public houses were alight. He steered for the nearest gleam, and spied Nigger in the public bar, frowning his wrath, glass in hand, opposite about fourteen stone of brick-red womanhood.

Joe sidled up to him quietly and said: "It's all right. She wants you to come back. [illegible] No answer, no sign that he had heard. "I'm sorry if you thought I was butting in," Joe tried again.

"Play fair, play fair!" [illegible] you!" muttered Nigger, at last. "And [illegible] in your uniform!"

"Uniform or no," retorted Joe, [illegible] "and I played fair [illegible] the crowd [illegible] the crazy idea. "You know I never meant——"

"Ah, stow it, won't you?" groaned Nigger. "But it wasn't your fault. If only she——" and he, in turn, stifled the reproach. "Let's turn in, somewhere."

They found a hotel "strictly stag." As they were folding their clothes compactly, sailor fashion, by the double bed in their room, Nigger said, "Joe, you don't know Irene, the finest, nerviest little girl. And she's sore on me. She ought to be, the way I acted, and I've got to go back to her and make good."

"We ought to leave a call for six o'clock," was all Joe answered, as he turned in. "I got to be back on board for coaling."

"Trust me. I always wake at five," said Nigger, switching off the light; and jumping between the sheets he saw through the darkness that Joe already was asleep.

Sunlight boring into Joe's eyelids awoke him, and with a panicky idea that it was very late. He grabbed under the pillow for his dollar watch, and then swore loudly. Eight o'clock! And no steamer back to the ship till half past nine!

A sinking sense of loss and ruin filled him. Overtime and with coaling on, the first break in his record. He saw his rating reduced, and loathed himself. Loathed his unholy itch for new hazards in a strange land. Hang old shipmates! And all women!

Still, he had drunk little, so his head was clear to make the best of any humiliation. And Nigger was still with him, a mine of sympathy at least, although he was the cause of Joe's undoing. Therefore Joe, without turning towards his mate's side of the bunk, thrust an arm across it.

His hand came out, unobstructed, at the far side of the bed. He sprang up as if he had been shot. Nigger was not there. He had gone—beaten it. Sneaked. Quit him!

Boiling with suspicion and amazement, Joe washed and hustled on his underclothes. Had he really been with the Nigger Auten of his rooky days, or with some crook who had thought to rob him? He grabbed at the trousers folded over the foot-board, and had drawn them up to his knees, when he discovered that they were brown, not blue, and buttoned straight up and down instead of—laterally. He seized the garment on a chair; it, too, dogged up the front, and was all aclick with buttons. He explored about the room, under the bed, but found no blue trousers nor blouse, no flat hat, scarf, lanyard—nothing, except his grommet unsprung and flat upon the bare pine bureau. The fiend had stolen all his clothes. He might as well go back to the *Arizona* naked, as in that "cit" rig. Be a deserter and have done with it!

Joe tried to calm himself and reason. This indeed was revenge for the girl's favor. Still, he would not have to face all Sydney in his tattooings. So he thrust himself into Nigger's garments, and in the process sighted a slip of torn paper stuck in the mirror, and written on in pencil. He reached for it, and read:

"If she don't fall to me in the blue rags, then take her, and welcome. Here's scoring even the both of you.
NIGGER."

The crazy notion, to win back Irene in the uniform she had flattered! Well, then Joe knew where to spot the pirate. And he'd tear the clothes off him, if he had to do it right under her eyes!

He slid downstairs and out of doors. But among the buzzing trams, the alien-looking, limped clothed colonials, even the street appeared strange and hateful. He did not know the direction of the Warratah. He had lost his bearings, and began to wander.

A stoutish man in a gray suit and a "bowler" hat propping a lamp-post drew his eyes. A something distinguished him; at home, perhaps, on liberties in New York, had seen his sort, even to the square-cut, polished shoes. Joe accosted him. "Wasn't the Warratah Bar near Pitt Street, and how far away was that?"

The person kept on studying the sky for some moments before he answered. Then he drew the cigar from his mouth, with a curl of his broad and clean-shaven upper lip.

"Early, ain't it, for young men to be hunting pubs?" he returned quietly; and his beady eyes swept Joe in a swift scrutiny.

"I'm from the American ships," began Joe. "I've lost [illegible] mate, sir, and we agreed to meet there[illegible]." He knew that his clothes made him out a bar, and saw at once that the stranger disbelieved him.

But the man made no comment, except to close his [illegible] complacently as [illegible] up the street, remarking: "Second turn to the left. Then one block down, a[illegible] you can't miss it."

But in the private bar of the Warratah at last, [illegible] surpassing Irene arrayed herself behind the taps. [illegible] stead, a shrivelled youth with whitish hair told Joe th[illegible] Miss Cadbury did not come on duty till six o'clock.

Back to the ship, then, dressed as he was. He'd ta[illegible] the issue of a clean breast, trusting to his record, a[illegible] Raile's doggedness in standing by his men.

He pushed through the door into the street—in[illegible] the gripping arms of the gray gentleman in t[illegible] "bowler."

"Auten, we got you," he snarled, with a grin, a[illegible] worming a stout fist down Joe's collar. "Knew yo[illegible] by the clothes, but it was your accent gave you awa[illegible] Now, come on easy, and hold up on those bad not[illegible] of yours till the magistrate can hear you."

Jugged! As Nigger! This was the last straw. Th[illegible] was adventure, full speed ahead.

"Look here," said Joe, between his teeth, and in[illegible] tively sizing up his captor's build. "I told you I wa[illegible] from the *Arizona*. I'll prove it to you next."

"A tout like you can't claim even tubs like them," retorted the man, yanking Joe on. "You can't wor[illegible] that game in this town. You ain't in New Yor[illegible] Where's your uniform?"

Joe could stand it no longer. Neither a sheep-hang[illegible] ing nor a goat-hanging mattered now. The constabl[illegible] was heavier and taller than Joe, but his face wa[illegible] pudgy and he had a double chin. His insult to the fla[illegible] filmed a red before Joe's eyes, which acclaimed that he Joe Terry, was no middleweight for the sake of argu[illegible] ment.

"I'll show you who I am, by G—d!" he shouted swooping his right in a lightning arc that chugge[illegible] meatily upon the other's jaw.

They fought. It was all Joe's battle, so long as rin[illegible] rules held. Each blow he landed strengthened his de[illegible] fiance of alien law, comforted his fear of exile in som[illegible] lime-juicer jail. A crowd began to ring them in [illegible] sense of fair play and good humor in the shoutin[illegible] cheered Joe on. Even at the clinch, the helmeted John[illegible] ny-cops seemed to be sports enough to keep their dis[illegible] tance.

Joe saw it coming. The man was quite twenty pound[illegible] the heavier, and a clinch was his only hope. But a[illegible] they locked, Joe got him by the Adam's apple, and the[illegible] swayed for a while, his cheeks ballooning, his lividnes[illegible] becoming purple. Wind, he needed wind, and Joe knew[illegible] from his porpoise breathing that he still was getting i[illegible] He now had Joe's right pinioned, and stalled a secon[illegible] for more breath. Joe seized his chance; he brace[illegible] himself set like a steel spring, and then touched al[illegible] off in one tigerish lunge that landed both fists fre[illegible] His left smacked beef somewhere, like a lead pellet on a[illegible] boulder; but beef that also welded a leaden tentacl[illegible] between Joe's eyes, as they touched the ground together[illegible] to a roaring from the crowd.

Joe had their decision. Underneath though he was[illegible] he knew that, from the shiny rills of red that streake[illegible] out across the thick cheeks over him. And then th[illegible] shouts ceased suddenly. Loud talk in a familiar voice[illegible] a scuffle, began at one side of the ring, and the nex[illegible] moment a blue uniform that he knew too well sho[illegible] into it.

Joe felt his senses swim and lapse, and when he opened his eyes the crowd was gone and Raile was lifting him to his feet.

They started walking in silence up the street.

"Terry, it's two hours before our next boat shoves off for home," said Raile, at length, looking at his watch. "What do you say we salute the kangaroos up in the zoo?"

"Aye, aye, sir."

Not a question about his uniform. Not a hint of penalty for being overtime. Not a word about his fist-work. The signals were plain enough. Mum must be the word about Irene, and Nigger, and all the rest. Raile had "seen" nothing. If only every officer were like him!

Yet wandering among the beasts with feathers, the bird-like things with fur, but heightened the top[illegible] turviness of Joe's bluejacket world. And the orni[illegible] therynchus it was, from his rocky pasture, who croaked an open-sesame to the burdens of Joe's soul.

"Mr. Raile," he said, "I believe that women are at the bottom of all the trouble in the world."

For answer, the officer took off his hat—to womanhood, thought Joe—until he dug a mass of soggy paper from the crown of it. It was the *Guide to Sydney*.

"A steamer cox'n hooked this out of the harbor this morning," he said. "Your name's on it. I've read it through—between the lines——" He eyed Joe tellingly.

As they got off the tram by the landing an hour later Joe started on the run for the white-topped launch under the stringpiece. There, on top of the very wool-bales, where he had paused yesterday, sat a skirted creature with copper-dust hair.

"Your lady friend back there," said Raile, catching up, and seating himself in the stern, "wants to speak to you. Hadn't you better go back?"

"The—the *hell* with her!" ripped out Joe. "Mr Raile, for God's sake, shove off!"

They climbed the gangway into the grime and tumult of coaling; and reached the quarter-deck on the instant that a commotion was breaking out about amidships on the starboard side. A dungareed crowd of men from Joe's own division were ringed about a half-naked figure. Two masters-at-arms held him by the wrists, to keep him, it seemed, from plunging in and proving with his fists, just as Joe himself had done, the same vociferation that he "belonged to the outfit."

It was Nigger. Nigger caught by the patrol, of course, in Joe's blue jeans, and dragged out on board for duty at the hoists—until he had been found out!

"You hound!" burst out Joe; and then clapped a hand across his mouth, for leaning over them from the superstructure stood the first lieutenant, Cross.

"Let the pair have it out" Mr. Cross," said Raile. "I'll make myself responsible for Terry."

"They've had that 'cit' all day breaking records," laughed back the first lieutenant. "There's no living on the ship with the devil of a racket they've been putting up. The whole watch joined in. And now he's saying he wants to re-enlist."

"An' I do!" came in a wrathful shout from Nigger's smudged and perspiring face.

"Silence!" called Raile. "In this deck court here Seaman Terry has the floor. He'll cross-examine you."

"Did you see the girl?" asked Joe, stepping forward to a guffaw from the whole throng.

"Yes, I seen her," said Nigger, doggedly, "and before your patrol pinched me. She come out into the dark hall of her father's house, and as soon as she made out your uniform, she truns her arms about my neck and cries, 'Oh, you kid, Joe Terry!'"

A roar went up as Nigger slipped the boot upon Joe's foot. Mr. Cross, even, held his sides.

"You can keep her. I'm done with her," Nigger followed up. "I told your men I wanted to ship over and I'm a-going to."

"And leave her crying for you down on the dock?" retorted Joe, seizing his chance to even scores at last. "I just been talking there with Irene. She saw you get pinched, all right, and 's been holding close in your wake since, afraid she'd lose you to the outfit. No one knew your name out here, so they wouldn't let her aboard. She's setting there a-sobbing for you now. She says she knew you when you came to see her in my clothes, and was only joking. Oh—and her old man is hot, all right, to come across on your notes, he's that afraid of losing such a husky——".

Joe got no further. The masters-at-arms had relaxed their hold on Nigger. But even had they not, the spring which he gave would have released him. And the life-lines being down he plunged over the side into the harbor, like a diver from a spring-board.

In silence every one watched his head come to the surface and set resolutely ashore; then, as he struck out in long easy strokes, the whole *Arizona* set up a cheer.

"That man's been taught to swim," observed Raile at length.

"Sure he has," grinned Joe, but with a tinge of bitterness. "Like a man's first rough liberty teaches him to tell the truth."

THE LIMA DAILY NEWS.

AN INDEPENDENT NEWSPAPER

Published Every Evening and Sunday Morning.

121—East High Street—121

A. WEINZELBAUM L. S. GALVIN
Editors and Managers

SUBSCRIPTION RATES:
By Carrier (4 weeks) 50c
By Mail (except Saturday) per year $3.00

TELEPHONES
New, 417 Old 417

Entered in the Postoffice at Lima as mailmattet of the second class.

Western Representative, R. L. SELDEN, People's Gas Building, 122 South Michigan Boulevard, Chicago, Ill.

Eastern Representative A E CLAYDEN, 48 West 34th Street, New York ANY NEGLECT on the part of the carrier should be reported at once to the office. Columns open to all Articles must be brief Long ones as a rule, refused All communications must be signed by writer, as an evidence of good faith Anonymous communications will not be published.

LIMA'S TRADING AREA

321,965

1910 CENSUS

"Look at the Fraction Map.

FROM A COUNTRY EDITOR.

I know everybody in the whole country roundabout by his first name. There are a thousand things to make life a joy. The youngsters in school come to the office for my opinion in difficult things in their lessons. I figure out the contents of stock of alfalfa and prairie hay for farmers. I am the court of last resort when it comes to prices of corn and cattle and hogs during Cleveland's administration. I advise "widow-women" about their affairs. I lend the chronically impecunious some ranging from 50 cents to $3 and always get it back. I head the list and help carry the paper to take a subscription for some one in distress.

Our office gets the freak vegetables and big corn and fine fruits. We never get any knocks. No one ever comes round to tell us what to print. Our town has no joints. We have one drug store and it sells no booze. If our druggist should invest in a government license he knows and his wife knows, because I told him and he told his wife, then an item would be made of such a license being granted.

The only wrangling I ever had is with the preachers. This town has six churches—count them—six, and there is only room for one. All the preachers are on the free list. But I hardly ever attend church and when they bring around a half column of dope about their particular church I take it and boil it down to a single paragraph and that makes them sore And they send the presiding elder around when he comes to town to talk to me and to admonish me that I am wasting a wonderful opportunity to do real work for the Master. And I come back by telling the presiding elder that our paper is doing more to make the town a decent little hamlet in a week than all the preachers do in a year

The last one to haul me over the coals demanded—demanded — to know why I did not attend church, and I told him Told him of the church-ridden town—of the makeshift pastors we have had for 25 years—of the pitiable irony of having a young man who could not grow a decent beard and was hardly dry behind the ears from college undertaking to tell grown men who had met a good many phases of life—its temptations and wickedness and sin—how to live—on Sunday—and through the week lived his life apart from the common herd of men and women who have trials and heartaches and joys and sorrows.

A little country town like this needs a man—a man for spiritual adviser. A man like that and one church in a town could pull down $2000 a year and do an immense amount of good, while as it is the women have suppers and hold bazaars and take freak ways of earning a dollar in order that the pastor may have bread and butter and a roof over him and raiment to put on.

Of course a young man must begin somewhere; but he should begin in mission work in a city where he meets sin and shame and crime and poverty in all its hideousness, and then he would probably be qualified to go out to preach to country people.

It might not be out of place to suggest that in voting the hero medal to the Lima department for its gallantry in the arrest of Mr. and Mrs. Kramer we start with a diamond for the hack driver, a golden one for the bell-hop and a silver medal for the hotel keeper that permitted the police to search the place hours after the Daily News sprung the story that they were in this city.

Mme. Emma Calve says that to succeed in America, "one must be tall and thin." Emma never looked at Bill Taft as president and your humble paragrapher as a paragrapher, or Emma wouldn't have made that remark.

According to latest reports an American company is introducing the "poi" of Hawaii into the United States as breakfast food. That "poi" may be after all only an Irish name for pie.

A valued exchange from East Liverpool tells us that "the average age of an oyster is 12 years." An oyster may live that long in East Liverpool and yet live to swear he didn't contribute to the recent Billy Sunday campaign.

Over in Pennsylvania barbers have cut the price of a shave to three cents. This doesn't mean that they have cut the conversation

---

MISS LIMA:—"And speaking of grizzly bears—did you ever notice the way an old maid eyes a man after she has passed thirty-five.

Happy Thought:—Why didn't Director Harmon put a water meter on Mardi Gras night?

The Nearby Press

Early Predictions.

The Fall delivery of fruit trees in Logan county is unusually large this year, which is a good sign of large fruit crops later on.—Bellefontaine Examiner.

Another Nice Thing.

Another nice thing about automobile ownership is that it is always interesting to reflect how much money you otherwise would have saved in the current fiscal year.—Ohio State Journal.

That's Her Business.

The mother of five children, stopping in Cincinnati on her way from the mountains of Tennessee, declared that she and her husband could not think of names to give their last two youngsters, so called them "B" and "C."—Marion Tribune

Who Do You Mean?

Nothing is easier than for a candidate who wants the job for the job's sake to persuade himself that he is leading a great movement for righteousness.—Dayton News.

Use the News Want Column for Results—Read for Profit.

Fifty Years Ago Today. Nov. 2.

The betrothal of the Prince of Wales date King Edward VII) and Princess Alexandra of Denmark was officially announced in Europe

Edwin Forrest (as Othello), Edwin Booth ("Fool's Revenge"), Laura Keene and Barney Williams were on the theatrical bills in New York. Dan Bryant's minstrels gave a burlesque of Hugo's "Les Miserables," the literary sensation of the hour

Twenty-five Years Ago Today.

Jenny Lind, the singer known as the "Swedish Nightingale," whose first season in America—1850-1—netted her $1,000,000, died in London at the age of sixty-six.

The United States supreme court affirmed the death sentence of the Chicago anarchists.

BITTER DISAPPOINTMENTS

ANTICIPATION REALIZATION

(Copyright)

CRAZY

JOHN SCHRANK SAYS ROOSEVELT WILL FORGIVE HIM.

BELIEVES MAN HE SHOT WILL SAVE HIM FROM PRISON.

Milwaukee, Wis., Nov. 2.—Believing that Theodore Roosevelt does not bear malice toward him, John Schrank, would-be slayer of the Colonel, expects to escape with a light sentence.

Schrank confided these expectations to Bernard H. Gottschalk, who occupies a cell near that of the notorious prisoner. Gottschalk is a former resident of New York.

"Theodore Roosevelt is only human after all," Schrank said, according to Gottschalk. "He was shot and has recovered. Now that it is all over and he has had time for reflection his better self surely has concluded that I should be pitied and not condemned. When McKinley was shot he showed forgiveness.

"The entire case rests with Roosevelt. I know if he will come here and speak for me, and adopt a broad view of the matter, I will get a light sentence His word will settle the whole matter. I should think he would come here when the case is tried."

FACTS IN THE CASE

De Quiz—I suppose that you were deeply touched when your wife presented you with that easy chair on your birthday anniversay.

Benedict (sadly)—Yes, I was touched for $35 to pay for it.

TROPHIES IN CHURCH LEAGUE ARE AWARDED

One hundred men attended the banquet and subsequent presentation of trophies given by the Men's Brotherhood to the victorious pennant winners and city champions of the Lima church league, the Trinity team, in the church basement Friday evening

The silver trophy cup offered to the winners of the post season series between the Trinity and U. B team and the pennant of the northern division were presented to the team by Manager A. K. Hall Trophies will be placed in the trophy room of the church

With R. J. Plate acting as toastmaster, the following toasts were given at the banquet.—A. K Hall, "Trophies"; Captain L. C. Faurot, "Inside The Diamond"; Dr. H. C. Bennett, "The Man Who Knows"; Rev M B. Fuller, "Winners"; Eugene T. Lippincott, "Hitting the Ball," and B. A. Gramm, "The Game of Life."

DON'T BE A DUB

And Chase your legs off hunting a buyer for your Property, Vacant Lot, Automobile, Sewing Machine or any other Chattel. Insert a Want ad; count the words; mail stamps, check or cash one cent for each word. 8-22-tf

A GHOSTLY LIGHT

Mamma—Nonsense, Bertie; you saw no ghost. You couldn't in the dark.

Bertie—Well, I did. He carried a spirit lamp.

NEW TERM

AT LIMA BUSINTSS COLLEGE COMMENCES NEXT MONDAY.

Several new students will take up courses in Business and Shorthand Nov. 4, and we would advise all who are contemplating courses to begin on that date. This is the best time of the year to enroll as students will complete their course by early spring when there will be plenty of opportunities for good positions. The new class (September) in Shorthand is already writing 100 words a minute and transcribing their letters by the touch system. Catalogue on request. Day and evening sermons.

LIMA BUSINESS COLLEGE
10-31-4t

FAUROT—THE EARLE STOCK

The first repertoire organization to visit the Faurot this season is the Earle Stock, which comes in on Monday for twelve performances, beginning with Monday's matinee, when the stirring western romance, "The White Squaw" will be presented for the first time here at popular prices In the evening Mr. Earle will offer another novelty in "The Love Route," which was written by Edward Peple, the famous author of "The Littlest Rebel" and other great successes Mr. Earle's company this season includes Miss Estelle Allen, whose personality and expert talent adds a tower of strength to his company, which has always been regarded as one of the best appearing at the Faurot

Seats are now selling for the entire engagement, and the wise playgoers will secure them early, especially for Tuesday night, when election returns will be read from the stage.

ONLY ONE LIMA PAPER

Reaches the fifty-six surrounding towns connected by steam and trolley with Lima. If you want outside trade, advertise in the paper they read. 8-22-tf

LYRIC THEATRE

THURSDAY, FRIDAY, SATURDAY

The Barrett Players

THE GREAT PROBLEM PLAY
Presenting

"A Girl Nobody Wants"

Special Scenery and Electrical Effects
Curtain Every Night at 8:15
NO ADVANCE IN PRICES.

10c, 20c 30c

MATINEES—Thur. and Sat. at 2:30
10c ANY SEAT

Lyric Box Office Open Daily, All Day After 9 a. m. Every Day. Secure Seats Early.

GARDENS

PLANTED UNDER DIRECTION OF CIVIC LEAGUE YIELD WELL.

PLANS NOW BEING MADE TO BROADEN THE WORK NEXT YEAR.

More than four hundred gardens were planted and carefully nurtured by Lima's juvenile horticulturists last spring and summer under the direction of the Civic league, according to a report submitted at a meeting of the organization Friday evening. Subsequent to the report, members present decided that the work should continue next year.

Several changes are contemplated in the rules and regulations next year. One of the most important of these was that seeds of a uniform and quality should be procured to put all prize contestants upon an equal footing. Parents will be asked to co-operate, an effort being made to impress upon them the importance of juvenile agricultural training. Garden areas are to be restricted next year and supervisors will bend every effort to eliminate all drawbacks that may have characterized the garden contests of 1912.

Under the auspices of the civil league, Lima school children planted flower and vegetable gardens early last spring, nourished their plants and put them on display in a garden contest early in September. Intense rivalry was manifest among the contestants over the prizes which were later awarded.

(Political Advertisement.)

THE REAL CONTEST FOR CIRCUIT JUDGE IS BETWEEN JUDGE DONNELLY AND JUDGE SCHROTH. IF YOU WANT TO VOTE AGAINST MICHAEL DONNELLY, AND YOU WANT YOUR VOTE TO COUNT, PLACE YOUR CROSS-MARK BEFORE THE NAME OF GEORGE E. SCHROTH.

10-25-11t

Judges by the Sound.

"My wife has an idea," remarked the man on the car, "that motorcycles are run with dynamite."—Toledo Blade

---

MICHIGAN NAVY BEANS.

Nice bright new crop Beans, as nice stock as seen in many a day just received at the Lima Tea Company. Phone your orders, which will have prompt attention.

10-30-4t

TENTH ANNIVERSARY

The public is very cordially invited to come to the courthouse Sunday afternoon Nov 3 at from 2 to 5 o'clock, celebrating the 10th anniversary of the Union Central Mission. A very interesting and beneficial program is to be executed as follows. The Mart Armstrong Post, Daughters of Veterans and Ladies' Relief Corps and Sons of Veterans, will march from Memorial Hall to the courthouse in a body. Mr and Mrs. E. G. Connor will sing sacred and patriotic songs, We will also attempt to have quartet, duet and solo singing. You will therefore be very highly entertained by classic and up-to-date music and in addition to this the Mission people will sing some of the old time hymns and tunes which will be very much appreciated.

Come yourself and invite others. Free admittance.

Vote For
JAMES J. WEADOCK,
For Prosecuting Attorney.
11-2-3t
(Advertisement.)

Vote for
T. J. EDWARDS
for
Clerk of the Supreme Court.
Republican Ticket
11-2-3t
(Advertisement.)

ORPHEUM THEATRE

THREE DAYS
October 31—November 1, 2
PROF. WORMWOODS

Great Dog AND Monkey Circus

24 PERFORMING ANIMALS 24

4 OTHER BIG ACTS 4
Special Matinee Saturday for Ladies' and Children
ALL SEATS—10c

Election Returns received by Special wire and read from stage.
3 Shows—7, 9, 10:30 P. M.

Royal Baking Powder

Absolutely Pure

The only Baking Powder made from Royal Grape Cream of Tartar

Adds Healthful Qualities to the Food.

LIMA STONE CO.

Crushed Stone, Binder and Sand.

809—BOTH PHONES—809

$100 Reward, $100

The readers of this paper will be pleased to learn that there is at least one dreaded disease that science has been able to cure in all its stages and that is Catarrh. Hall's Catarrh Cure is the only positive cure now known to the medical fraternity. Catarrh being a constitutional disease, requires a constitutional treatment. Hall's Catarrh Cure is taken internally acting directly upon the blood and mucous surfaces of the system, thereby destroying the foundation of the disease, and giving the patient strength by building up the constitution and assisting nature in doing its work. The proprietors have so much faith in its curative powers that they offer One Hundred Dollars for any case that it fails to cure. Send for list of testimonials.

Address F. J. CHENEY & CO., Toledo, O.
Sold by all Druggists 75c
Take Hall's Family Pills for constipation.

Faurot Every Day Next Week

STARTING MONDAY MATINEE
THE
Earle Stock
INCLUDING
DAINTY ESTELLE ALLEN
IN NEW YORK SUCCESSES
Presented With a Carload of
SPECIAL SCENERY AND EFFECTS
Monday Matinee: "The White Squaw"
Monday Night: "The Love Route"
DAILY DIME MATINEES
Nights—10c, 20c, 30c
Election Returns Tuesday

DAVIS BAKING POWDER

Sold under the unqualified guarantee of *"satisfaction, or money back."* ¼ lb. 5c.—½ lb. 10c.—1 lb. 20c.
None better made at any price.
All good Grocers sell it or will get it for you.

ALL that is best of the "old days" with all that is progressively advanced of today. All the life, richness of pure malt blended with the delighting tang of Bohemian hops—these tell the quality story of

Old Style Export

The Quality Beer of the Home.

The Lima Brewing Co.

BOTH 'PHONES 37.

Bowers' Butter Krust Bread An excellent loaf of bread. It is so named by reason of the fact that it is baked in pans and is finished with a dash of fresh creamery butter as it comes from the oven.

5c AT YOUR GROCER.

ELMORES' HAVE A SWELL TIME

Flushed with the trophies of the most successful season in their history, the Lima Elmores, a crack semi-pro team and claimants of the city championship, were banqueted at the home of their manager, J. F. Vogel, Thursday evening.

The Vogel home was fittingly decorated with Hallowe'en colors. Music was furnished by the Elmores' Quartette consisting of James Roe, H. Watt, Joe Pelligrinni, and Frank Gilligan. With "Baldy" Robinson, a member of the Zanesville team of the Central league and an old "Elmore," acting as toastmaster, the merry banqueters sat down to a tempting spread.

Those present were Mr. and Mrs. J. F. Vogel, Mr. and Mrs. Ray Watt, Mr. and Mrs. John Kenny, Mr. and Mrs. Daniel Monroe. Mr. and Mrs. J. F. Malley, Miss Stasia Brown, Miss Malvina Mack, Mrs. Gale Bodkins, Miss Verna Hamilton, Messrs. Joe Pelligrinni, Henry Watt. James Roe, Frank Gilligan, Charles Robinson, Walter McNamara, Charles Jenkins, Carl Writer, Edward Smith, Edward Young and Oliver Bodwell.

Plans for next season were projected at the banquet table and arrangements will soon be made to secure a lease on a local park for 1913.

Seeress Accused of Slaying Family

Mrs. Louise Lindloff, above, Arthur Graunke, at left, Alma Graunke, centre; William Lindloff, right. The startling case, of the State of Illinois against Mrs. Louise Lindloff, accused of the killing of her young son, Arthur Graunke, last June, is attracting State-wide attention Not only does the evidence put forth by the prosecution point to the poisoning of the boy, but it was revealed from the lips of an expert toxicologist that William Lindloff, the woman's second husband and Alma Graunke, her daughter, had also died from the effects of a deadly drug. Mrs. Lindloff, the accused woman, is a spiritualist, clairvoyant and crystal reader. She remains calm—almost defiant, in the face of those damning accusations. The prisoner professes to meet spirit manifestations in the very court room, and to receive occult messages concerning the case

A WARM COMFORT

Well filled, and inner stitched, at a popular price $1.98

NEUMAN & KETTLER

SOCIAL SESSION

OF DELIGHTFUL NATURE HELD BY MEN OF OLIVET CHURCH.

The Young Mens' Class of the Olivet Presbyterian church held a social session last evening in the Club rooms of the church. Games of various kinds were played and some business transacted The class will entertain the young ladies' class next Friday evening. The following officers were elected:

President—Milo Smith.
Vice-President—Alfred Gleaves
Secretary—Orpha Carr.
Treasurer—John Casick.

The social committee consists of Chas Gregory, Ambrose Bishop, Ralph Tarbutton and Earl Hall This class meets every Sunday morning at the Olivet church and is a very important factor in the life of the church.

NEW MINISTER HERE.

Rev. Thomas Knox, recently called to the pastorate of the Market Street Presbyterian church has arrived from his home at Walnut Hills, Cincinnati, and will deliver his first sermon Sunday morning in the new change A most cordial invitation is extended all Lima residents to attend the services Sunday.

SUSPECTS HELD FOR A ROBBERY

TURN OUT TO BE NOT GUILTY OF BIG JOB.

Columbus, O., Nov 2.—It was reported that the police failed to find anything in the record of W. Campbell and J. H. Gavin as suspects in the $300,000 robbery of a bank at New West Minster B. C., on which they could hold the men. Developments last night and early today indicated that neither of the men arrested had been actually implicated either in the robbery or in the assault on Police Lieut. P. J. Burns in Chicago.

The police were trying today to uncover some charge upon which they could hold the men for further investigation. Pictures of Jas. W. Stacy and Frank West, the former now under arrest in Chicago, found in Campbell's house here, lead the authorities to believe that both Gavin and Campbell are in close touch with the gang of robbers who did the actual work at New Westminster. Stacy and West are among the gang charged with the robbery.

Detective Cahill, of Chicago, who came to Columbus on the trial of "Big Charlie" Montague, alleged leader of the bank robbers, met disappointment when Campbell could not be identified as Montague Lona Wilcon, Chicago girl, friend of "Big Charlie," identified Campbell as a brother of Montague

TO VOTE FOR TAFT. PUT YOUR CROSS UNDER THE EAGLE. OR A CROSS BEFORE EACH AND EVERY ELECTOR ON THE REPUBLICAN TICKET. ..

11-2-3t

ADA STUDENTS ARE NOT ALL FOR WILLIS

Ada, O., Nov. 2.—Because of the neediness of President A. E. Smith, of Ohio Northern University for Congressman Frank B. Willis who was a member of the faculty many of the students are resenting what they deem is an effort to keep them in line for that candidate.

They have formed an association for the promotion of the interests of W. W. Durbin, Democratic nominee, and they ave a dinner to him and other party associates The demonstration was lively, surpassing any previous effort in politics on the part of the student body

Arrangements are being made for a celebration election night, which will be prevented only by Durbin's defeat, a thing now considered as entirely beyond the range of probability.

ORPHEUM THEATRE

Wormwood's trained animals are certainly a great drawing card at the Orpheum theatre the last half of this week as was proven by the three big audiences that filled the house yesterday at each performance. There are twenty dogs and monkeys and a better lot of trained animals was never seen at this popular play house. The clown monkey, keeps one laughing for the twenty minutes that the act holds the stage and the counting of the dog is marvelous. Prof Wormwood offers one hundred dollars to any one giving this dog a problem in figures that he cannot add or subtract correctly. Tonight is the last opportunity to see these wonderful animal performers. Get your seats early as there is bound to be a big rush for seats. Doors open at seven o'clock.

BEAUTIFUL HAIR AT SMALL COST

A SIMPLE REMEDY BEAUTIFIES THE HAIR, CURES DANDRUFF, STOPS FALLING HAIR.

What a pity it is to see so many people with thin, wispy hair, faded or streaked with gray, and realize that most of these people might have soft, glossy, abundant hair of beautiful color and lustre if they would but use the proper treatment. There is no necessity for gray hair under sixty-five years of age, and there is no excuse for any one, young or old, having thin, straggling hair, either full of dandruff or heavy and rank smelling with excessive oil.

You can bring back the natural color of your hair in a few days and forever rid yourself of any dandruff and loose hairs, and make your hair grow strong and beautiful by using Wyeth's Sage and Sulphur Hair Remedy For generations common garden Sage has been used for restoring and preserving the color of the hair; and Sulphur is recognized by Scalp Specialists as being excellent for treatment of hair troubles.

If you are troubled with dandruff or itching scalp, or if your hair is losing its color or coming out, get a fifty cent bottle of Wyeth's Sage and Sulphur from your druggist, and notice the improvement in the appearance of your hair after a few days' treatment.

H. F. Vortkamp, agent.

WHOLESALE DAIRY AND PRODUCE.

Prices Paid by Dealers—Corrected By C. C. Reis.

Country butter, per lb..25c to 28c
Cooking butter, per lb 20c
Creamery butter, per lb......30c
Butterine, Pride, per lb..22c to 25c
Butterine, Purity, per lb.20c to 22c
Eggs, current 26c
Eggs, fresh candled....27c to 29c
Lard, per lb..........12c to 15c
Turkeys, per lb.......16c and 18c
Chickens, old, per lb....9c and 11c
Apples, 48 lb bu., per bu. 60c to 85c
Potatoes, per bu. ....35@40c
Spring chickens........11c to 12c

NEW GOVERNOR TO BE ELECTED IN 29 STATES

ALMOST EVERY PARTY HAS ITS TICKET IN THE FIELD

INTEREST IN INDIANA RACE IS GREATEST

WHERE BEVEREDGE IS EXPECTED TO PULL BULL MOOSERS THROUGH

Chicago, Ill., Nov. 2.—In the elections on Tuesday twenty-nine states will elect governors in addition to other officials Arkansas, Georgia, Maine and Vermont elected their governors earlier in the present year. In Alabama, Arizona, California, Kentucky, Louisiana, Maryland, Mississippi, Nevada, New Jersey, New Mexico, Oklahoma, Oregon Pennsylvania Virginia and Wyoming the present executives hold over until next year or later.

The states that will elect governors on November 5, with the candidates named by the several parties for the office, are as follows:

Colorado—Democratic E. M. Ammons, Republican, Clifford. C. Parks; Progressive Ed. P. Costigan; Socialist, Charles A. Abystrom.

Connecticut—Democratic, Simon E. Baldwin; Republican, John P. Studley; Progressive, Herbert Knox Smith; Socialit, S. E. Beardsley.

Delaware—Democratic, Thomas M. Monaghan; Republican, Charles R. Miller, Progressive, George B. Hynson: Socialist, N. L. Bearick; Prohibition, John Heyd.

Florida—Democratic. Park Trammell; Republican, Marshall O'Neill; Progressive; Thomas Cox.

Idaho—Democratic, James H. Hawley; Republican, John M. Haines; Socialist, L. A. Coblentz; Prohibition, Edwin R. Worrell.

Indiana—Democratic, Samuel H. Ralston; Republican, Winfield T. Durbin; Progressive, Albert J. Beveridge; Socialist, Stephen M. Reynolds; Prohibition, W. H. Hickman.

Iowa—Democratic, E. C Dunn; Republican, George W. Clarke; Progressive, John L. Stevens, Socialist, I. S. McCrills; Prohibition, E. Dutant Jones

KansasDemocratic, George H. Hodges, Republican, Arthur Capper; Socialist, G. W. Kleighe; Prohibition, Earl R. De Lay.

Massachuetts—Democratic, Eugene N. Foss; Republican, Joseph Walker; Progressive, Charles S. Bird; Socialist, Roland Sawyer; Prohibition, Frank N. Rand.

Michigan—Democratic, Woodridge N Farris. Republican, Amos P. Musselman; Progressive, L. Whitney Watkins; Socialist, James Hoogerhyde, Prohibition, J. D. Loland

Minnesota—Democratic, P. M. Ringdal; Republican, A. O. Eberhart; Progressive, P. V Collins; Socialist, David Morgan; Prohibition, E. E. Lobeck.

Missouri—Democratic, William C. Cowherd, Republican, John C. McKinley, Progressive, Albert D. Nortoni, Socialist, William A. Ward Prohibition, Charles E. Stokes.

Montana—Democratic, Sam V. Stewart; Republican, Harry L. Wilson; Progressive, Frank J Edwards. Socialist, Lewis J. Duncan

Nebraska—Democratic, J. H. Morehead Republican, Chester D Aldrich, Socialist, C. J Wright

New Hampshire— Democratic, Samuel D Felker, Republican, Franklin Worcester; Progressive, Winston Churchill; Socialist, W. H Wilkins, Prohibition, A. H. Morrill

New York - Democratic, William Sulzer Republican, Job E. Hoges; Progressive, Oscar S Straus; Socialist, Charles Edward Russell. Prohibition T Alexander McNichol

North Carolina— Democratic, Locke Craig; Republican, Thomas Settle Progressive Iredell Meares; Socialist, H. E. Rodges.

North Dakota—Democratic, F. O. Hellstrom Republican, L. B. Hanna; Progressive, W D. Sweet; Socialist Albert E. Bowen, Jr.

Ohio—Democratic, James M. Cox; Republican, R. B Brown; Progressive, Arthur L. Garford; Socialist, C. E. Ruthenberg; Prohibition, Daniel E. Poling

Rhode Island—Democratic, Theodore F Greens; Republican, Aram J. Pothier Progressive, Alfred Humes; Socialist, S. H. Fassell; Prohibition, Willis E White.

South Dakota—Democratic, Edward S. Johnson; Republican, Frank M. Byrne; Socialist, Samuel Lovett; Prohibition, O. W. Butterfield.

Tennessee—Democratic, Benton McMillin; Republican, Ben W. Hooper.

Texas—Democratic, Oscar D. Codquitt Republican, C. M. Johnson; Progressive, Ed. C. Leester; Socialist, Hoddin Andrews; Prohibition, Andrew J. Houston.

Washington—Democratic, Ernest Lister; Republican, M. E. Hay; Progressive, Robert T. Hodge; Socialist, Miss Anna Agnes Maley; Prohibition, George W. Stiven.

West Virginia—Democratic, William R. Thompson; Republican, H. D. Hatfield; Socialist, Walter B. Hilton; Prohibition, J. Goodloe Jackson.

Wisonsin—Democratic J. C. Karol; Republican, Francis E. McGovern; Social Democrat, Carl D. Thompson; Prohibition, Charles L. Hill.

A WARM COMFORT

Well filled, and inner stitched, at a popular price $1.98

NEUMAN & KETTLER

BANK STATEMENT.

(By United Press)

New York, Nov. 2.—The weekly actual bank statement shows the following changes:

Loans decrease $9,314,000, total loans $1,923,374,000. Deposits, decrease $27,217,000; circulation, increase $114,000; special, decrease $3,349,000; legals, decrease $2,473,000; cash reserve required, decrease $4,378,050. Cash surplus, decrease $1,443,950. A year ago there was an actual surplus including trust companies of $11,532,950; and two years ago a surplus by the banks alone of $6,137,700.

LYRIC THEATRE

Tonight is the last chance to see the great problem play, "A Girl Nobody Wants," presented by the Barrett Players at the Lyric theatre, if you have not seen this great and interesting play, attend tonight. For the first three days of next week starting Monday night, they will offer Porter Emerson Brown's great book play, "The Spendthrift." Special matinee Tuesday afternoon, election day at 2:30. Election returns will be read from the stage Tuesday night.

KILLED BY CORN.

Gonzales, Texas, Nov 2.—Four year old Frank Scot, Jr., was killed with a grain of corn, his little sister tossing it at his in play, the kernel entering his open mouth and lodging in his windpipe.

FISH FRY
AT 130 S. CENTRAL AVE.
W. M. BRYAN.

Russians Flock to Australia.

For some time past a number of Russian settlers from Siberia have made their way to Queensland, Australia, and the latest returns available show that this influx from northern Asia is growing in volume. The warm climate seems particularly attractive to these newcomers.

Why It Has Lasted.

Linen that was wrapped around mummies 4,000 years ago and is still as good as new has been found in Egypt by Prof. Flinders Petrie It is assumed that the linen has never during the 4,000 years since it was first used been sent to a laundry.

Good Voice to Be Prized.

A soft, well-modulated voice is of far greater assistance in the world, even in the marriage market, than personal beauty. There are few things which possess a more definite value as a commercial asset than graciousness of manner and gentleness of tone. We are not born with harsh voices, we acquire them.—Exchange.

Japan's National Drink.

Sake is the national alcoholic drink of Japan. It is brewed from rice, and, according to the latest available figures the annual production is about 210,000,000 gallons. Beer is becoming popular, however, and there are several large breweries, the total annual output being over 7,000,000 gallons.

John Alden Explained.

"I am an instructed delegate," he said Not understanding politics Priscilla manoeuvred a stampede.

Egyptian Telephone Operators.

Telephone operators in Egypt are required to speak English, French Italian, Greek and Arabic.

OH, LISTEN TO THIS!

Columbus, O., Nov 2.—Her sight suddenly restored after four years blindness, the first remark of Mrs. W. K Liggett, Columbus Society woman was "What awful frights women are making themselves in the new styles."

Mr. Arthur Long, of Dayton, is a guest at the home of E. R. Gallagher and family, of west Market street.

MONEY NOT LACKING

It Is Men That the Educational Movement Needs.

Dr. Fletcher of United States Bureau of Education Says Income for Common Schools is $403,647,289, an Increase of 88 Per Cent.

Washington.—"No one who is conversant with the educational history of the world will fail to see evidences of a movement which can not be matched from the records of the past," declares Dr. Fletcher B. Dresslar of the United States bureau of education in a report on educational progress for the first decade of this century. The report has just been issued for free distribution. "Greece, and Rome in the days of their greatest advances knew naught of school buildings as they exist today. Far more money is invested in public school property than was required to maintain all the machinery of our federal government in 1910.

"But let us not boast of good works and forget those useless expenses of our so-called enlightened civilization. We spend each year for purposes which all reason and scientific investigation condemn as harmful, enough money to duplicate all our school buildings and have millions of dollars left for providing worthy playgrounds for children."

In proof of the assertion that the people of the United States are making unparalleled expenditures for education, Dr. Dressler cites statistics collected by the bureau of education which show that "the total income from all sources for the common schools has increased from $219,765,989 in 1900 to $403,647,289 in 1909."

"This is truly a remarkable showing," Dr. Dresslar continues. "The school population has increased only in the neighborhood of 15 per cent., while the total income for common schools has increased more than 82 per cent."

"As indicated above, the large item in this increase is the income from local taxation. This fact adds great significance to these figures; for not only does it emphasize, as already indicated, the willingness of the people to support their common schools in an immediate and direct way, but it should furnish a striking object lesson to those states which are yet afraid, apparently, to trust the people with power to tax themselves for the adequate support of their common schools.

"Those states which still persist in preventing the people from exercising the right to local taxation for school purposes are surely out of line with the democratic faith so strikingly shown by these figures. Whatever qualms may arise at times on account of civic inefficiency in other lines of endeavor, it is plain that the American people believe in the education of their children, and are willing to pay for it directly, out of their own pockets."

As a further indication of the large increase during the decade of America's investment in education, Dr. Dressler notes that the total value of all school property has increased from $550,000,000 in 1900 to the enormous sum of $968,000,000 in 1909. Great outlays have also been necessitated by the increases in teachers' salaries whose monthly wage has risen about 85 per cent for the men and 25 per cent. for the women.

In view of the fact also that the school term has lengthened from 144.3 days of 1900 to 155.3 days in 1909, the teachers, who are paid by the month have had a further actual increase in salary, and at the same time have been able to increase their educational effectiveness in this particular alone by some eight per cent.

Among the deplorable factors in the educational trend it is the relative elimination of men teachers from the public schools. This elimination "has been going on steadily and rapidly since 1880." In the first decade of this century the proportion dropped from 30 men in each 100 teachers to only about 21 in the 100, a decrease of nearly 30 per cent, in ten years. Discussing these figures, Dr Dresslar said "there is no doubt that it is unwise to intrust so important a matter as the teaching of boys and girls so largely to women, but the facts are known and have been for many years, and yet the hoped-for change does not come."

Another regrettable circumstance in our educational development is the slight attention given to "those finer instincts of our nature expressed in poetry, music and art." Especially is this true of instruction in music. "The American people," says Dr Dresslar, "are eye-minded, and moving pictures seem to suit their desires better than music. In some way the people should be taught to hear the significant things of life as well as to see them."

Dr. Dresslar also takes up the urgent need and almost universal demand for vocational training. In this connection, he says: "We must not give up our endeavor to create in this country high standards of general culture, but we must make our educational work function more efficiently in the common duties of life. Our big problem is that of creating a democracy which will not be limited largely to mediocrity."

FOREIGN TRADE INCREASES.

According to a statement of the bureau of statistics, the foreign trade of the United States in May exceeded, in both imports and exports that for the corresponding month of any earlier year, and this is true also of the figures for the eleven months ending with May. Imports amounted to $156,600,734, against $129,914,390 in May, 1911, the former high record for the month of May. Exports were $175,895,328, against $153,152,858 in May of last year, the former high record for May.

The total imports for the eleven months ending with May were: $1,532,186,975, against $1,404,418,921 in the corresponding months of 1911; and exports during the eleven months ending with May were $2,066,068,237, against $1,907,612,463 in the corresponding month of last year. Imports for the eleven months exceed by $65,000,000 the largest ever recorded for the corresponding eleven months, that of the fiscal year 1910. The exports exceeded by $159,000,000 the largest total ever recorded for the corresponding eleven months, that for the fiscal year 1911.

The share of merchandise entering free of duty in the month of May was 54.3 per cent., against 48.9 per cent. in May, 1911, and in the eleven months ending with May, 53.5 per cent., against 50.9 per cent. in the corresponding period of last year.

The duties collected from customs in the month of May were $26,573,278, against $24,073,285 in May of last year; and for the eleven months ending with May, $285,090,810, against $269,487,994 in the corresponding months of last year.

AMERICANS COFFEE DRINKERS.

More than one-third of the two and a half billion pounds of coffee annually entering the international commerce of the world is consumed in the United States, its imports of that article being twice as much as those of Germany, three times those of the Netherlands, four times those of France, nearly ten times those of Great Britain and half as much as those of all Europe, next to the United States the great coffee-consuming section of the world.

The world's leading importers of coffee, according to the latest official reports of the various countries thus far received by the bureau of statistics, department of commerce and labor, are: The United States, 875,000,000 pounds; Germany, 404,000,000; Netherlands, 265,000,000; France, 245,000,000; Austria-Hungary, 127,000,000; Belgium, 95,000,000; the United Kingdom, 88,000,000, and Sweden, 45,000,000. Italy, Norway, Switzerland and Denmark also consume considerable quantities, ranging from 45,000,000 to 25,000,000 pounds each. Of the countries on the western hemisphere, Argentina and Cuba each import about 20,000,000 pounds per annum; Canada, about 8,000,000; Chile, 7,000,000 and Uruguay about 8,000,000, while Australia, the island continent, consumes between 1,500,000 and 2,000,000 pounds per annum. Certain of the African countries are comparatively large importers of coffee, the imports into Egypt averaging 15,000,000 pounds a year; Cape of Good Hope, 20,000,000, and Algeria about 15,000,000 pounds.

MEETINGS NEVER DULL.

Something is always stirring when the Daughters of the American Revolution hold their meetings in Washington. Handsomely gowned women are in the lobbies of the hotels, and the new D. A. R. Temple is aglow with life and discussion. When the continental congress of the National Society, Daughters of the American Revolution, began its session the scene was truly awe-inspiring. President Taft stood reverently as the immense American flag was raised to the ceiling, and while the band played the stirring strains of the "Star-Spangled Banner" three thousand women joined in the national hymn and every one of them seemed to know the words—when they looked at the leaflets.

A long line of prettily gowned page girls bearing flowers then marched slowly down the center aisle, clearing the way for Mrs. Mathew T. Scott, the president general. After the impressive opening exercises it was not long before the ladies were indulging in enthusiastic discussion, for no one could ever charge a meeting of the Daughters of the American Revolution with being dull.—Chapple's News-Letter.

UNCLE SAM'S INSULAR POSSESSIONS.

Probably the average American citizen is ignorant of the fact that Uncle Sam's insular possessions number some 4,000 tropical and semi-tropical islands. These great colonial possessions are not, as the Occidental mind is inclined to believe, mere stretches of sand and palms and jungles, sparsely inhabited by savage tribes. Some of the islands, it is true, are simply coral reefs, too small to be habitable, set in the midst of the South Pacific. But some, on the other hand, are giant tracts of land. Luzon, in the Philippines, the largest, has an area equal to the state of Ohio The total area of the islands is about 130,000 square miles, equal to New England, New York, New Jersey, Pennsylvania and Delaware. The population is about 10,000,000 Indeed, the islands are anything but sparsely settled. In Porto Rico, for instance, the population per square mile is thirteen times that in continental United States, in the Philippines nearly triple.

Regrettable.

"I can't tell you how sorry I was to hear of your husband's death, Mrs. Nurich. It is too bad that he had to go that way."

"Yes; I j-just c-can't get over it If it had only been appendicitis or something fashionable; but plain conjunction of the brain! It makes me feel so bad on the children's account."—Judge's Library.

THE RED CROSS TRAIN

By VICTOR ROUSSEAU

(Copyrighted 1911 by Harper & Bros.)

DON CAMILLO GUZMAN Y RIBERA lay stretched out diagonally upon the short bunk of the hospital train that moved like a long caterpillar across the North African plains. By the dim light of the oil lamp above his head he could distinguish the faint outlines of the compartment, with its three wounded soldiers. The man on the top bunk opposite who had groaned and muttered all night in his delirium, had suddenly become silent, and his white face stared out at him from among the pillows, the eyes black, motionless circles, and the nose like a blunt pen. The man beneath that one had fallen asleep at last and was snoring hoarsely. The third was tossing in the bunk under him. But Don Camillo lay as motionless as the dead man opposite, though he was unwounded.

An orderly, dressed in blue serge, with the red cross flaring upon the white band on his arm, came through the corridor and looked in. He approached the dead soldier and raised the arm, which fell stiffly and heavily upon the breast again. He turned to Don Camillo. "Does His Excellency require anything?" he asked. Camillo shook his head; then he remembered that he must lull suspicion. "Water!" he gasped, in simulated agony, and felt the military canteen placed between his fingers and thumb.

Then Don Camillo was left alone again with the dead man and the two wounded ones, lying in his bunk motionless, watching the stunted olive-trees ---- st the slowly moving train. Thus every night, respected by the Kabyle warriors, it crept painfully down the line, flying the Red Cross flag, to transport those wounded at the front to the base hospital at Melilla, thence to be shipped to Spain. The train would reach the terminal by dawn. Then Don Camillo must escape, before they learned that a deserter was shamming his way to safety from the horrors of the battle-field. The unrolling scroll of time appeared interminable as he lay there, the only dissimulator among the dying and dead, the only schemer among those simple heroes. Yet even the mental suffering that he now underwent seemed preferable—anything was preferable to those scenes of violent death, the hissing bullet, the unexpected ambuscade.

It was not that he feared imprisonment. His rank would prevent that, would suffice to send him home free to bear the scorn that would greet him. How preferable if he had never volunteered! Yet all the young nobles of Spain had gone to the front, many as simple soldiers, and how could he have held back? His heart, kindling with hopes of glory, had not revealed to him its craven fears until the first engagement. Besides, his widowed cousin, Dona Isabella, would never have betrothed herself to a coward.

She had gone out with the Queen's company of nurses. "We shall meet in Melilla, Camillo," she said. But they had not met since they placed Spanish soil behind them, for he had been sent to the front immediately upon his arrival.

Presently a soft palm closed upon his and he became aware that a nurse was standing beside him. As her fingers smoothed back the hair from his forehead a white illumination, thrown upon the screen of his dark thoughts, impelled him to an agony of self-confession. He groaned and turned his face to the compartment, but she placed her arm under his neck and raised him, so that her face looked in his. As their eyes met, a shudder ran through his body, and a fear deadlier than that which the Kabyle forces had inspired entered his heart. This was Isabella!

"How is your head, Camillo?" she murmured. "Does it ache? In three hours we shall be at Melilla, cousin, and then——"

As she bent over the blood-stained bandages that he had wrapped round his forehead Don Camillo half leaped from the couch and seized her by the arm.

"Isabella, I must tell you," he panted. "I am unwounded!"

He saw her dark eyes light up at her melancholy smile. "Not badly, Camillo," she whispered. "Beyond doubt the doctors will soon mend your wound——"

"You don't understand," he cried. "I was not wounded. Don't you understand? I am a deserter. I crawled from the field into the hospital train to escape that death I feared. My colonel was killed at my side; his blood bespattered me." He shuddered again at the remembrance.

"Never mind," she answered, gently, beating up his pillows. "We will reach Melilla soon. If your wound is not serious—praise Christ it is not bad——"

"But I must make it clear," he raved. "Will you not listen?"

She sat on the side of the bunk. "Yes, I will listen, Camillo, she said, softly. "Tell me everything. But first—some water."

He gulped it down and, tightening his grasp upon her palm, began. He told of war; not that anticipated by those who marched through Madrid's streets, spick in their uniforms, between flying flags and photographers, but war unwritten and undreamed of—a war of dysentery and sleepless nights on picket duty in squoggy boots beneath the sluices of the skies, when the rebellious frame craved but one instant of closed eyelids that would mean a court martial and a firing squad; one of coarse brawls and petty pilfering of water-bottles, haversacks, and rifle-cleaners, and stolen rations sold by camp cooks; a war of insect plagues and horse diseases, and filth and vermin, and fatigue duty imposed by malignant corporals; of thirst, tobacco hunger, melinite intoxication, of an incessant craving for chocolate that produced Tantalus dreams; a war of endless and unintelligible night patrols, of stolen slumbers on the backs of jaded horses, of a growing conviction that the leaders were incompetent, that none knew the outcome. How it came back to him!

The mental images seemed, as he spoke, to stamp themselves upon his retinas, and a long procession of shapes and scenes passed in review against the swinging wall of the compartment. The wounded man under him was tossing restlessly. The train crept onward through the black African night, and as it descended toward the coastal plains the heat became intolerable. But Isabella still sat by his side, her eyes calm, listening, yet still attentive to his needs. He had not told her yet; he must hasten.

One night . . . surely that seemed but yesterday, although it must have been an eternity ago . . . one night . . . say yesterday, then, he dozed under a moonless sky while his column unwound its snaky length along a mountain road. In the distance there was firing somewhere, and somewhere behind them the Kabyles lay in their entrenchments. His breeches, stiffened with sweat, adhered to the saddle, his bandolier chafed his shoulders raw, and his carbine, jarring in the shallow bucket at his side, had blistered his forefinger. Just as dawn flung her cloudy curtains over the land a rumor spread from the head of the long column backward. Of a sudden the new-born sun burst through the clouds, rolling them up and away, and, far to the right and the left, bugles began to call.

Like a tiny section of a child's puzzle the minds that directed them had fitted them into their sections. They were emerging through the cleft of a hill that opened upon a valley whose further end terminated in ridges that marked—there was no need to tell. And stretching away on either side of them, clustered against the olive groves and solitary figs, were dots of horses and men, black against the sun, but soon to be swallowed among the dun of the plains.

He was not telling her! He had said nothing! He had been dreaming it all again, but no word had passed his lips. He gripped her hand tightly in his agony of mind. "Listen, then. I want to tell you," he muttered. She looked at him compassionately; she understood nothing.

But he was telling her now. They had been sent forward to regain a battery of captured guns. The Kabyles were said to be ignorant of how to use them. They galloped bravely forward, and he was not afraid. He felt his horse gather itself beneath him, saw the steeds plunging before him, felt the hail of mud clods shoot past his ears. Then suddenly, out of the clear air, there came the screech of the captured artillery.

Immediately the smooth plain was furrowed and sown; furrowed with trenches, sown with writhing fragments of men. The sun grew dim; a yellow sulphurous cloud enveloped them, and, as through rifts in a curtain, he perceived screeming steeds that careered wildly across the plain, dark figures of men that tumbled and floundered in quagmires of purple mud, human teetotums that spun through the thick ochre clouds, their fingers pressed to their ear-drums to shut out that pandemonium, their faces set into expressions of unrestrainable fear. As they ran, bullets and splinters caught them, and they stumbled and tumbled, and horses, looming up suddenly from without, trampled them down with iron hoofs and dashed away, or pinned them under their heaving flanks as they rolled, biting at curb and snaffle, upon the ground. An officer ran past, swinging his sword.

Then the world seemed to dissolve in splinters of fire that sprang from a pyramid of mud. He saw the officer tumble at his side, the screams of the injured came faintly out of the smoky distance; insensibility enveloped him as one puts on a blanket and draws it over his skull. . . .

This man's face was like smoking lime, pitted with rain-drops. One moment it had been stamped with the proud glance of command, and he had moved, bright in his insignia, an indomitable spirit amid the rout; and now!

The battle line was gone, and Don Camillo was lying across the body, staring into the staring eyes. Only the stubble of the reapers' crops remained. Camillo glanced round fearfully. He was the only living thing upon the plain; but half a mile to the right, where the steel ribbons of the railway line converged upon the horizon, he saw the train, the engine puffing noisily, and, as he watched, he saw men moving among the compartments, bearing bodies on stretchers.

"Massacre! The Virgin save us; it is all over with us."

As he watched the hospital train a thought came to him, desperate enough, but offering safety. If he could reach her before she started for the coast they would not examine him; he might leap off somewhere in the environs of Melilla and steal into the city by night, eluding the posted sentries. He staggered to his feet, drew a discolored handkerchief from the dead officer's sleeve and bound it around his head. Then, faltering equally from weakness and by dissimulation, he made his way toward the embankment, running craftily when he came to a secluded spot among the bush, then stumbling feebly toward the carriages.

"It's no use putting these desperate cases aboard," he muttered, raising the blood-stained bandage from Camillo's forehead. "Well, there's just a chance," he added. Camillo opened his eyes and groaned. The wheels began to revolve and the long night ride began.

He had told her. He saw the incredulity deepen in her eyes. Her face was flushed as she bent over him. "Camillo, dearest, you have been dreaming," she murmured. Could nothing convince her? "It is true! I am a deserter!" he shouted. But she only laid him gently back on the pillows and still sat by him, holding his hand. He lay still; her touch was very soothing. Soon enough the discovery would be made. He closed his eyes. Let him dream on in peace until the awakening!

It came too soon. The wheels ground noisily upon the metals. Distant shouting arose. The murmur swelled into a din. Camillo heard footsteps of men that ran along the compartment. He saw the frightened face of the orderly.

"The Kabyles!" he cried. "Massacre! The Virgin save us, it is all over with us."

Even as he sank upon his knees and prayed there came the rattle of musketry. Camillo knew that sound too well. The savages were attacking the train—they who had always respected it. The troops had left the line unguarded.

Six men, all that could be mustered—and of these two had wounds—knelt by the embankment. Raising himself upon his elbow, Don Camillo saw, by the light of the full African moon, now newly risen, a yellow ball on the eastern horizon, a line of horsemen that charged wildly upon the train. There came a few scattering shots, and the defenders were swept aside and trodden down.

In that instant Don Camillo saw Dona Isabella stand like a white statue at his side. One arm was placed protectingly upon him; the other she raised instinctively in an attitude of defence. Shame overcome his fear. He lifted himself and felt at the belt that hung beside his blood-stained tunic. Groping in the darkness, he found his pistols. The magazines were filled. He took them in his hands. Dona Isabella turned and saw. Then for the first time a cry of horror broke from her lips, and Camillo hesitated.

The Kabyles were riding leisurely along the train, peering into the compartments. Evidently massacre proved no part of their immediate plans. There were not more than a half-dozen of them.

From his compartment it would be possible to pick them off singly before they realized whence the attack came. But, if he did so, he would overthrow the ultimate shred of her belief; he would stamp himself as the deserter that he had acknowledged himself to be. He watched her; he saw the scorn deepening in her eyes.

Suddenly the wheels began to revolve again, very slowly, and the carriages lurched and ground out their way over the lines. At the same moment a savage shout came from the fore part of the train.

"They're sticking the wounded. They're spearing them through the windows," he yelled frantically. He crouched against the lower bunk and began to babble out his prayers.

Camillo hesitated no more. He saw the tall figure of a chief seated upon his horse with couchant lance. As the train moved he spied the woman in the compartment. With a yell of triumph he spurred his horse and darted forward, the lance swaying like a reed, yet aimed straight at Dona Isabella. At that moment the pistol-shot rang out. The man fell forward and rolled from the horse's withers just as the steed reared and plunged upon the summit of the embankment; and the lance clattered against the wheels. Then, leaning from the window, Camillo emptied both his magazines after the astonished Kabyles.

The wheels revolved faster; the train was moving at its old pace again. Camillo and Dona Isabella surveyed each other silently. They did not hear the orderly upon the floor, still babbling out his prayers. She was regarding him inscrutably. Presently she came forward and replaced the bandages.

"You have been dreaming, Camillo dearest," was all she said.

And he was still lying there, feeling her palm in his, still tended by her merciful ministrations. But neither spoke for a long while.

Presently it lightened and lambent fires played upon the eastern sky. Camillo broke silence.

"I must escape," he muttered. "At Melilla—they will discover me. You will help me to escape from the train? You would not have me dishonored throughout Spain?"

She only stroked his hand. She raised the water-bottle to his lips.

"You have been dreaming, dearest," she answered, softly.

So this was his punishment. She meant that he must go to his fate manfully, and that, until he was proclaimed the deserter and imposter that he had discovered himself to be, he was her hero whom she had sent out of Spain. He lay still upon the pillow, his mind wracked with an infinity of schemes. Might this last hour last through eternity!

The day grew lighter; fields and cultivated land replaced the interminable plains of sand. It was too late for action now. The train was steaming into the terminal, and outside, in the far distance, Camillo saw the blue curve of the sea. The train slackened to a standstill amid a throng of waiting orderlies with stretchers, nurses, and women with flowers. The town had gathered there to honor its heroes, to soothe their ills, offer its quiet solicitude. It was too little that it could do.

"A good run?" called an officer to the engineer.

"A good run and a clear line, sir," the engineer answered.

Camillo felt himself lifted and placed upon a stretcher. Discovery was imminent now. But he no longer cared. A curious and inexplicable weakness had overcome him, and he closed his eyes in intolerable pain, as though the imagined wound had actually wrought some physical injury upon him. He felt a doctor raise his bandages.

"A bad case," he said to the orderly.

"We must save him, sir," said the orderly, stepping forward with a salute. "Beg pardon, Your Excellency, but we picked that man up on the field lying upon his colonel's body, sir. His captain asked me to recommend him specially to your care. There was a live shell close by—the company had been ambushed, sir—and this man, when he saw his colonel fall, and the shell hadn't burst yet—not knowing the colonel was already killed, he laid himself down over him and put his head in front of him to shield him when it exploded. He's been very low all night, and once or twice Her Excellency the nurse thought he was gone; but we can save him and will. Besides, Your Excellency, he is Don Camillo Guzman y Ribera."

The soldier heard and understood, and from under his closed eyelids the tears crept and coursed down his cheeks. Through what a hell of delirious, lying dreams he had come into the light, to find himself honored still! Dimly he perceived Dona Isabella bend over him. Hell had striven with him and had not prevailed; and he knew now that death could not conquer him, save on some future field, where he might face it manfully.

THE RETURN

By Margeret Horton Potter

(Copyrighted 1911 by Harper & Bros.)

WHEN Abner Heaviland departed from this life and the private asylum in which the last five of his fifty years of misapplied existence had been passed, it was accepted as rather a convenient affair all round. In view of his increasing intellectual eagerness, or stubbornness, or, as the officials of that mechanically excellent institution regarded it, insanity, Heaviland during the last year of his confinement had come to be regarded as a most difficult inmate. Still more important, his room, since the addition of the southwest wing, belonged more properly to the feminine side of the institution and could at last be used as such.

It was altogether a fortunate occurrence then, as Dr. Simeon Way, consulting alienist and head of this liberally arranged retreat, admitted with dignified solemnity when, in the hour after the funeral, he ascended to his departed patient's room to survey and direct the disposal of Heaviland's few effects.

Way was, however, a person much in demand. And Heaviland's passing seemed to have concerned no one. Way was in possession of a letter from the nearest relative—a prosperous and highly indifferent cousin. It was in the form of a brief note of "condolence"—to Way!—and ended with the imperative request that his unfortunate relative's effects be disposed of at the asylum, since no possible will or behest or bequest could, under any circumstances, be considered valid. The informally authorized executor of the dead man's estate had begun a ten-minute survey of a pile of letters, notebooks, and clothing, when an imperative signal sounded from the consulting-room.

"Just get the room in order, Hopkins," he commanded. "Put the papers and watch and studs together in my private office. I want the room ready by nine tomorrow morning for Mrs. Marr. Get all the odds and ends out of the way." And the doctor was gone.

Hopkins, the senior of the attendants, looked round the small, triangular room and shook his head. He had been at Middleborough for five years, and during a great portion of that time had had charge of Heaviland.

"They haven't said anything about the little machine there," he said, nodding toward a table in the far window of the west angle.

"He always said he'd be free when that was finished." And he smiled a little awry as the other man's eyes followed his to the small object standing alone on the fixed table. Both were silent for a moment till the second man said, slowly:

"Well, anyway, he's free without it."

"I know. But——"

"But what? You don't think it amounted to anything, do you?"

"Oh—nothing."

"This has got to go, hasn't it?" demanded Hunter, looking, without great interest, at the small model of wood and metal.

"I suppose so. Still—— See here. I'll just put it on the top shelf of the first cleaning-closet off the corridor. 'Twon't be in the way. Then if any of the old man's friends should inquire——"

"All right. 'Tain't heavy. Here goes."

"Careful! Let me take it. I liked the old man. And I think he'd ha' killed himself, or tried to, if this had got damaged before he went."

Heaviland had died conveniently on a Wednesday. On the following Monday morning a new occupant was moved into the room that had been his and the door connecting it with the men's half of the building was closed and locked.

Rachel Marr, aged sixty, passive, vacant, weary with the weariness of forty years of unappreciated wife and motherhood, became possessed of Heaviland's triangular prison.

Through the first ten days Mrs. Marr endured with surprising vitality. But by mid-afternoon of the eighteenth of the month it had become apparent that her sojourn in the bleak building was near its end. On that day Dr. Way gave orders that a special night nurse go on duty with her at eight o'clock; and at that hour both he and Dr. MacIntyre, house physician, repaired to the room of the sick woman.

She lay in coma, broken by spells of sharp delirium that visibly weakened her still stubborn frame. Every symptom pointed to one thing, and one only. Within ten minutes Way left the room, already busying his mind over a forthcoming inventory and report. No doubt it was due to this preoccupation that he passed the great double closet, which could be entered from either side of the building, without noticing that the near door stood ajar. MacIntyre, following him ten minutes later, imitated his chief.

In that room the night special, Amanda Furniss, was completing her arrangements for a difficult watch, secure in the assurance of MacIntyre's presence should collapse arrive. By nine o'clock everything was in order; nourishment, medicine, and stimulants were at hand, and she was left to face alone the shrieking of the March gale outside the jutting windows, and, within, the flushed and haggard visage staring from high pillows on the bed.

It was an hour or two before she placed the dull uneasiness that troubled her. Then quite suddenly it came to her that the weight on her mind rose from a subconscious sense of the last patient who had occupied this room and the manner of his leaving. Then she recalled and understood a certain vague reference let slip by MacIntyre. Abner Heaviland, it seemed, was in more than one person's mind that night.

As the evening advanced the gale increased, till forlorn demons cried round the jutting window where Heaviland had once worked at his machine. The shaded electric globes painted misty pictures in the sick-room. Mrs. Marr, heavy with pain and pain's anodyne, sleep, breathed piercingly, but uttered neither syllable nor moan. The delirium seemed to have passed. Miss Furniss, fighting her unaccustomed mixture of weariness and apprehension, alternately read and moved about the room with noiseless swiftness. Never in her nursing years had her heart been as heavy or her nerves as quick as tonight. Probably it was the wind. . . .

At midnight the patient appeared to be asleep. Toward one the fever rose two degrees and medicine without broth was given. Half-past one. A quarter to two. Miss Furniss rose and went to adjust the shade which had begun to flap noisily at the far window. Then she crossed to the bed and stood looking down at the motionless figure. Just as she was about to turn away the old woman's eyes opened wide and a sudden and very marked change took place in her color.

At the first appearance round the half-open lips of that ominous blue line Miss Furniss turned and ran toward the bell that sounded in MacIntyre's room.

Within five minutes the doctor appeared, clad in dressing gown and pajamas, carrying with him the oxygen machine.

"What's the matter?"

She looked at him, a flash of relief balancing the sheer fright of the moment before. But even as she whispered, "I don't know," he saw that her uniform beat above her heart.

"Something frightened you?"

She drew a quick breath. "Well—I was nervous, I guess. I thought—— Look at her!"

His gaze turned to the face of the old woman, over which an extraordinary change had passed. The mouth was closed fast and the hue was the hue of death itself. The muscles, facial and physical, were contracted to absolute rigidity. But the eyes!

From the eyes came such a look as the frail little old woman had never given in her life; nor could it be hers in death! It was a glance deeply penetrating, bold, sardonic, with something about it appallingly familiar. Then, as both man and woman stiffened where they stood, the blue lips opened slowly, and while two living beings clutched each other with the impulse of human nature *in extremis* the deep voice of Abner Heaviland issued from that mouth:

"Hum—um! So. You were not expecting me—MacIntyre?"

Six o'clock next morning found a drawn and exhausted man still seated by the bed of a being he dared not name. At that hour he remembered to order away the young woman who, sick and shaken though she was, had nevertheless worked steadfastly beside him through the incredible recovery of the figure on the bed. He sent her first to the superintendent of the male nurses with an order; secondly to bed—and absolute silence.

Contrary to his skepticism concerning the feminine tongue, she obeyed both orders implicitly.

Twenty minutes after her disappearance Ralph Deming, the rotund and capable senior of the masculine nursing staff of the house, appeared for early duty, immaculate in white linen and cheerfully innocent of the object of his summons. On the threshold of the room he paused astonished at the face that MacIntyre turned toward him.

"Why, Doctor! What in the world——"

"Deming, come here! Come closer. Now! Look at——"

"Hello, Deming!" muttered a deep voice from the bed.

"My God!" ejaculated the newcomer.

MacIntyre rose and walked unsteadily across the room, followed by the nurse.

"Deming," he whispered, "tell me straight. Who spoke in here just now?"

"I thought——" Deming swallowed and changed his speech. "I'm damned if it wasn't—Abner Heaviland!"

Behind them both the thin woman's figure raised itself a little upon the pillows and the deep bass of Heaviland laughed from her:

"Well—it's my room, isn't it? I've got something to do here. I was hurried away too soon."

Not until dusk on the following afternoon did Doctors Way and MacIntyre find themselves any longer unable to avoid a conference.

"Well, what do you think? What on earth do you make of it, man?"

"'What on earth,'" echoed MacIntyre, musingly. Then with a backward shake of the head: "However—I'm not so bothered about my own idea as I am about our report," he returned, sending a searching glance at his chief.

"Why about that?"

"Because I daren't undertake to make people believe what I can't deny."

"Then you're sure——"

"That Abner Heaviland's upstairs? Yes."

"And Mrs. Marr?"

A shrug. "She's dead—gone on—whatever you want to call it."

"We're not burying anybody."

"You can satisfy curiosity if you think it worth—prudent by burying a coffin."

"I'm damned if I will!"

A gleam that was as near admiration of Way as MacIntyre had ever reached shot across the younger man's face.

"Very well, then," he responded, "it's perfectly simple. We've got a curiosity upstairs; something that mustn't be seen or discussed for a while till we understand more ourselves. Deming's square. He'd better be left with——"

"Him?"

They eyed each other for a moment honestly. Then MacIntyre, in a tone of infinite relief, replied:

"Precisely. With him. With Abner——"

But that was too much. Way held up his hand, palm outward; and the last name was not uttered.

Upstairs, under the taciturn care of a Deming no longer jolly, but intensely interested, Abner Heaviland was making a rapid recovery from an attack of pneumonia. No one but Deming and the doctors saw him. Half the patients and all of the attendants frequently heard the mysterious inhabitant of the double-doored room. His immense voice grew resonant as strength returned.

When Deming, of the men nurses, was definitely assigned to the care of the inhabitant of the cross room, the open door was naturally that leading on to the men's corridor. Naturally, then, Heaviland's first exploration after his lost treasure was conducted by means of the men's corridor. Under the circumstances, it would also have been remarkable had he not found what he sought. For the door to the large closet that made a catch-all for many odds and ends besides the mere impedimenta of cleaning was at the end of the long corridor immediately to the right of Heaviland's room. In the distant day-room stood the armchair in which the night watch lounged through the long hours. And Heaviland, opening his door with cautious safety toward midnight of the second night after his return, saw the man's distant figure with its back to him and a book dropped beside it on the floor. One swift movement and the patient was at the unlocked door of the closet. A feverish moment. Ah, the model was there—was in his little, withered woman's arms—was in his room alone with him—*safe!*

For three days all went well. Heaviland, recently known as an excellent sleeper, worked cautiously by night and during the relaxed noon hour. All the old eagerness was alive and dominant in him—a fact which grew unavoidably apparent to his attendant. On the tone more than the facts of the third day's report, MacIntyre, fearing an impending outbreak, selected the noon hour when the attendants, all save a general watch, were at dinner, to make an unexpected call upon his recovered enigma.

The little old woman, bent over a table on which stood the familiar machine, raised her head and eyed the doctor with quiet satisfaction.

"It's finished, MacIntyre," said Heaviland, calmly. "I—came back to do it. We'll make a test together, if you please. See here—let me explain it; and you shall use it on me. My brain," and he laughed quite naturally, "should prove an interesting study—at present."

"What do you do with it? What's the idea?" asked the doctor, humoring him.

"Well, unless I'm as mad as you think me it will record quite accurately the pulse of the gray matter itself. What is normal I have, naturally, no means of knowing, because the brain responds not only to material, but to psychological influences. But the results of normal nutrition, alcoholic stimulation, or creative excitement should record themselves accurately here—on the indicator. As you may see, then, by means of this as a beginning the special habits and functions with the degree of responsiveness to outward influences should become far more intelligible—more than that, should become definitely classifiable by the average mind. See here——"

MacIntyre, fascinated in spite of himself, went over to the little machine and the grotesque figure of its astonishing inventor. Heaviland swiftly adjusted about his own head the thin circle of steel with the tiny sensitized disk that pressed at the base of the brain, and then, at the turning on of the current, bent over the plate which through the magnetized wire was to record the pulse of the brain of his strangest patient.

Half an hour later the doctor left the room, carrying with him certain hastily penciled, still incredible notes that were to be the first record of the machine whereby alienists were to become at last genuinely scientific.

Way looked up in surprise. MacIntyre rose sharply.

"What is it, Deming?" shot from him nervously.

"I'm sorry, Doctor. I have to report that about five minutes ago my patient—Heaviland—M-Marr—H-He Heaviland, I mean——"

"Yes! Well?"

"Died, sir."

WANTED, FOR SALE, FOR RENT, REAL ESTATE

Lima's Largest Paper.

The Lima News

GREATEST WANT AND REAL ESTATE MEDIUM IN ALLEN AND SURROUNDING COUNTIES.

ONE CENT A WORD.
Advertisements Paid for in Advance, One Cent a Word. Seven Insertions for Price of Six. Where Charged Rate is 10 Cents per Line. Classified Display. 10c Cents Per Line. Advertisements Subject to Approval.

TRANSIENT ADVERTISING CASH IN ADVANCE. REMIT BY MONEY ORDER, DRAFT OR CERTIFIED CHECK.

WANTED—HELP.

WANTED—Rollers, bunch-breakers and strippers. Also beginners to learn the trade. Good wages, constant employment. Apply either factory. The Deisel-Wemmer Company. 10-16-tf

WE MUST HAVE 100 girls at once. Fair wages to start with. Good wages in four weeks time. Banta's candy factory. tf

WANTED—Canvasser and collector at Singer sewing machine store, 225 north Main street. Permanent work to the man who can furnish a horse and references. 10-31-3t

WANTED—A lady cook. Apply at once at 200 east Elm street. 10-31-3t

WANTED—25 laborers, $2.25 per day, 10 hours. Call at Blane ave. just south of 3rd street and ask for Williams. 10-19-tf

WANTED—Janitor, apply to manager of Orpheum theatre at 11 o'clock Monday morning. 11-2-1t

WANTED—Girls to learn to become operators, good pay while learning, must be over eighteen years of age. Short hours, pleasant conditions. Inquire at Manager's office, Lima Telephone company, Harper Block. 8-26-tf

WANTED—Operators wanted on Steinle-Turret machine. The Gramm Motor Truck Co. 1-3t

WANTED—2 unencumbered ladies over 25 to travel in a crew and house to house demonstrating. Salary $2.00 per day. Call 2 to 8, Courtland Hotel, formerly Hoffman House. 11-1-3tp

WANTED—Experienced wholesale grocery salesman for northern and western Ohio. Give experience in full. McNeil & Higgins Company, Chicago, Illinois. 2-2t

LOST AND FOUND

LOST—Big red cow, white streak over left shoulder to back. Call 91 New Phone. 11-1-3t

LOST—Locket with ring attached diamond one side, initials in script W. B. R., on other side. Walter B. Richie. 11-1-2t

LOST, STRAYED OR STOLEN—A large black hound dog, tan legs and white breast. Very large neck and has lump about the size of a buck shot in his flank. Call either 'phone 141. 11-2-1t

WANTED.

WANTED—To do washing and ironing. Mrs. Hayes. 330 Detroit street, or call Bell Phone 2336. 10-30-3t

WANTED—Position as moving picture operator, or manager in Lima. Can handle all make machines. Prices reasonable. References. Call phone or write Lima Automatic Music Co., Lima, Ohio. 11-1-3t

WANTED—1 or 2 lady boarders in private family. Home cooking and baking. Call New Phone 589-C or 513 east North.

MISCELLANEOUS.

AMERICAN FEATHER MATTRESS CO. will clean your beds and pillows. Featherbeds converted into down comforts or mattresses. Work guaranteed. 647 south Main St. New Phone 2421-R. 10-25-1mo

SURE CURE—For Bedwetting sold by Mrs. Lida Rule, 325 north Elizabeth street, Lima, Ohio. 10-29-1mo

MEN—Our illustrated catalogue explains how we teach barber trade in few weeks, mailed free. Moler Barber College. Cleveland, Ohio. 11-2-6t

FOR SALE—Miscellaneous.

FOR SALE—Oil Lease with Six productive wells near St. Marys, O. Write Mrs. S. K. Spahr, 636 Creighton avenue, Dayton, O. 10-25-7t

FOR SALE—105 pairs of roller skates in fine shape, also one large balloon and outfit. Both at a snap price. Call on or address, Cloyd J. Brotherton, 56½ Public Square, Lima, Ohio. 26-1wk

FOR SALE—Prices are cut on unredeemed overcoats, raincoats and clothing; unredeemed watches, and jewelry; new and second hand tools, suit cases and shoes. M. J. Limbaugh, 109 east Wayne street. 10-27-1mo

FOR SALE—A driving mare, four years old, city broke, safe for women to drive, and a light driving wagon and harness. Call on or address V. L. Holmes, Delphos, O. 10-30-7t

FOR RENT—House at 916 Greenlawn avenue. Nine rooms and bath. Hot water, modern except furnace. Enquire 313 south Main or call New Phone 1271-C. 10-31-3t

FOR SALE—40 H. P. 5 passenger automobile, completely equipped. Will sell very cheap for cash. A serviceable machine in good running order and in daily use. Call at DeWeese Garage, 119 east North street. 1t

FOR SALE—Corn in shock, heavy draft team, seven and eight years old and 25 shoats. Call Old 'Phone 26 X-1. W. J. Shepard. 2-3t

FOR SALE—6 head of work horses. Cheap. Hiner Stone Co. 2-3t

FOR RENT—HOUSES.

FOR RENT—Office, modern, steam heat, large, finest in city. Over News office. E. W. Jackson.

FOR RENT—Three story building, 18x92, suitable for light manufacturing or wareroom. Enquire of Wm Holt, 136 south Main street. 10-18-tf

FOR RENT—Fine business room, centrally located. Steam heat. Apply at V. Cardosi, 124 north Central avenue. 10-31-3t

FOR RENT—5 room cottage, modern except furnace. Inquire at 534 west Haller. 11-1-3t

FOR RENT—Six room house, 672 south Main street. This is in good repair and a good location. Inquire at 717 south Main street after 6 p. m or New 'Phone 1321-A. 11-1-3t

FOR RENT—A modern bungalow on Brice avenue, near the car line. Call Dr. A. H. Creps, either 'phone 11-1-3tp

FOR RENT—7 room house, modern, except furnace. Nice new barn, handy to shop and school. 917 Dingledine avenue. Call New 'Phone 477-A. $15.00 per month. 2-3tp

FOOTWEAR HINTS.

Shoes Repaired While You Wait.
Small children's half soles....35c
Adults', nailed 40c
Adults', sewed 50c
Rubber heels 35c
EPSTEIN SHOE REPAIRER,
219 S. Main St.
Donze Block.

OLD SHOES
Can be made Practically New, by our Skilled Shoemakers and Highest Quality Leather.
"We Fix 'Em While You Wait."
ARCADE SHOE REPAIRER
Morris Bros. Arcade.
Opposite Bluem's Annex.
10-1-1mo

QUICK SHOE REPAIRER.
Shoes repaired while you wait
Small children's half soles, 35c.
136 E. HIGH STREET.
9-25-1mo

Ladies' Half-Soles, 35c.
WHILE YOU WAIT.
OHIO SHOE REPAIR SHOP,
Two Doors North of Main Street Bridge.

LISTEN

Have your furnace inspected before cold weather. We do all repair work on furnaces promptly. Have your order in early to avoid the rush. We will order repairs for all makes.
SONTAG & CLEVENGER.
205 N. Union St.
Old Phone 947 New Phone 1945-R
8-31-tf

FOR RENT—ROOMS.

FOR RENT—Furnished rooms for light house keeping, with bath. At 218 1-2 south Main street. Inquire evenings. 10-31-3t

FOR RENT—Two nicely furnished rooms for light housekeeping. Inquire at 403 west Spring street. 10-31-3t

FOR RENT—Two rooms for light housekeeping. Call at 787 Greenlawn avenue. 11-1-3t

FOR RENT—For light housekeeping two well furnished rooms centrally located, private entrance, all modern conveniences, use of bath and telephone. Call Bell 'Phone 2032. 11-1-3t

FOR RENT—Room 75 feet long in rear of Lima Theatre. Alley entrance. Suitable for plumbing, paint or tin shop or light manufacturing business. Inquire of Lima Theatre. 11-2-3t

FOR RENT—Two suites of rooms furnished for light housekeeping; one sleeping room. Gas for light and heat. Use of 'phone. New 'Phone 1964-C. 139 south Jackson street. 11-2-3t

FOR RENT—Nicely furnished rooms on first floor, all modern conveniences. Central location. 137 south West street corner High. New 'Phone 2105-R. 11-2-4tp

FOR RENT—Five rooms, steam heated, bath, electric lights, hard wood floor in living room. Rent reasonable to right party. Call New 'Phone 1012. 1t

FOR SALE—HOUSES.

FOR SALE—20 new houses and bungalows in all parts of Lima—Prices $1,000 to $6,000. Cash or Easy Terms. If you want to buy a home, see us. Bell phone 961; new phone 1691. Home Builders, Holland Building. 6-23-tf

FOR RENT OR SALE—On Easy Terms, several fine six and seven room houses in the beautiful Holmes Addition. Convenient to street cars, schools and all south side shops. F. W. Holmes, No. 8 Holmes Bldg. New Phone: Office, 1674-C; Residence, 931-M. 10-23-eod-1mo

FOR SALE—House, lot and barn with bath, sewer, paved street, and good central location. Call and see property, 521 south West street, and then write for full information to Chauncey Hammell, First National Bank Bldg, Circleville, Ohio. 11-2-1mo

REAL ESTATE DEALERS.

We have a large sum of money to loan on city property and improved farm lands at the very lowest rate of interest, with the privilege of paying part or all at any interest paying date. Persons wishing cheap money and on short notice will find it will be to their interest to call C. H. FOLSOM, Real Estate and Loan Broker, Rooms 7 and 8 Holmes Block. tf

JOHN M. BOOSE.
REAL ESTATE AND GENERAL INSURANCE AGENCY.
200-201 Black Block.
City property, vacant lots, business blocks and mercantile propositions for sale. Houses to rent. Rents collected and estates managed. Notary Public. Fire, plate glass, health and accident, steam boiler and employers liability insurance.

"The Corner Stone of the Nation is the Hearthstone."

THIS SAYING IS VERY APPLICABLE TO THE PEOPLE OF THE UNITED STATES AND ESPECIALLY SO TO THE CITIZENS OF LIMA. LIMA HAS LONG BEEN KNOWN AS A CITY OF HOMES AND AS SUCH IS BECOMING MORE DESIRABLE EACH DAY.

BERRYMAN PLACE NO. 2, IN THE CHOICEST SUBURBAN RESIDENCE DISTRICT, IS THE PLACE TO BUILD THAT HOME YOU HAVE BEEN PLANNING. LOTS 100 BY 600 FT. SIDEWALKS, SANITARY SEWER AND GAS.

THAT BOY OF YOURS NEEDS A CLEAN HEALTRY ENVIRONMENT, WHERE HE CAN HAVE SOMETHING BESIDES PICTURE SHOWS AND STREET ASSOCIATIONS TO DEVELOP HIS INDIVIDUALITY.

WE INVITE INVESTIGATION BY DISCRIMINATING BUYERS.
TELEPHONE (NEW) 754-M.
W. B. BERRYMAN
OWNER.

MONEY MONEY
If you are in need of money call on us. You furnish your own security. Money loaned on personal note. Call and Let us explain our new methods.
OHIO LOAN CO.
ROOM No 12 HARPER BLOCK
Both 'Phone—916
Opposite Hotel Norval.

Live Stock

LIMA LIVE STOCK.
Heifers, per cwt., $4.00@6.00; Steers, $5.00@7.00; Hogs, straight, $7.75@8.00; Hogs, rough, $5.00@$7.00; Veal calves, $5.00@7.00.

CHICAGO LIVE STOCK
(By United Press)
Chicago Nov. 2.—Hogs receipts 7,000—Market steady—Mixed and butchers $7.45@8.05; Good heavy $7.50@8.00; Rough heavy $7.25@7.50; Light $7.35@8.00; Pigs $5.25@7.40. Cattle receipts 500—Market steady—Beeves $5.30@11.00; Cows and heifers $2.70@7.25; Stockers and feeders $4.25@7.50; Texans $4.35@5.65; Calves $6.50@10.50. Sheep receipts 2,000—Market steady—Native $3.40@4.55; Western $3.50@4.60; Lambs $5.00@7.20; Western $5.25@7.00.

EAST BUFFALO LIVE STOCK
(By United Press)
East Buffalo, Nov. 2.—Cattle receipts 75; Market active, steady—Prime steers $9.00@9.25; Butcher grades $4.00@8.00. Calves receipts 125—active—Cull to choice $6.00@10.75. Sheep and lambs receipts 5,200—Market active, firm—Choice lambs $6.75@7.00; Cull to fair $5.00@6.50; Yearlings $4.00@5.50; Sheep $2.00@4.75. Hogs receipts 2,550—Market active—Yorkers $8.00@8.10; Pigs $7.25@7.35; Mixed $8.00@8.10; Heavy $8.10@8.15; Rough $6.50@7.10; Stags $6.00@6.55.

PITTSBURG LIVE STOCK
(By United Press)
Pittsburg, Nov. 2.—Cattle receipts light—Market steady—Choice $8.75@9.25; Good $7.25@7.85; Fair $5.25@5.65; Veal calves $9.00@9.50. Sheep and lambs receipts fair—Market steady—Prime wethers $4.50@4.65; Good mixed $4.00@4.40; Fair mixed $3.40@3.85; Lambs $5.00@7.00. Hogs receipts 25 doubles—Market steady—Prime heavy hogs $7.85@7.90; Mediums $7.70@7.75; Heavy Yorkers $7.60@7.70; Light Yorkers $7.40@7.50; Pigs $7.00@7.25; Roughs $6.75@7.25; Stags $6.00@6.25.

CLEVELAND MARKET
Cleveland, O. Nov. 2.—Hogs 2,500; 10 to 15 lower; Mediums and heavies $7.80@7.90; Yorkers $7.50@7.55; Pigs $7.00. Cattle 3 cars—firm. Sheep and lambs 8 cars—$6.75 top. Calves 100—$10.25 top.

TOLEDO CASH CALL
Toledo, November 2.—30-day shipment, on track Toledo: No. 2 soft winter red wheat $1.08½.
Coarse grains based on Toledo through-billed rate or 15½c to New York.
Corn—10-day shipment: No. 3 yellow, old, 61c; No. 3 white 61c; No. 3 mixed 58c. November shipment: No. 3 yellow corn, new 49½c; No. 3 white, new 50¾c. December shipment—No. 3 yellow corn, new 48½c; No. 3 white, new, 48¾c.
Oats—10-day shipment: Standard white 33c; No. 3 white 32c; 30-day shipment: Standard white 32½c; No. 3 white 31½c.

RETAIL VEGETABLE MARKET.
Market Quotations by Thomas and Piper
Radishes, 2 bunches, 5c; New Green Apples, 35c peck; Celery, bunch, 5c; New Cabbage, 2c per lb; Lettuce, per lb, 15c; Parsley, per bunch, 5c; Beets, 10c measure; Potatoes, new 15c peck, bushel 55c; Green Onions, 5c bunch; New Carrots, 10 cents per measure; New Turnips, 50 cents bushel; Bermuda Onions, 8c lb; Cauliflower, 15c head; New Sweet Potatoes, 3c lb; Pears, 10c measure, 75c bu.; Squash, 4c lb; Malaga Grapes, 20c pound; Pumpkins, 5c, 10c and 15c; Cranberries, 13c qt.; Quinces, 50c pk.; Kraut cabbage, $1 per 100 lbs.; Hickory Nuts, 60c pk.; Walnuts, 25c pk.; Horse Chestnuts, 15c lb.

LIMA GRAIN AND HAY MARKET.

Wheat, per bu.	$1.03
Corn, per 100 lb.	.80
Oats, per bu.	.29
Rye, per bu	.62
No. 1 Clover Seed, per bu.	8.00
Timothy Seed, per bu.	1.50
Alsike, per bu.	9.00
No. 1 Timothy Hay, baled	15.00
No. 1 Timothy Hay, bulk	13.00
No. 1 Mixed Hay, baled	14.00
No. 1 Mixed Hay, bulk	12.00
No. 1 Clover Hay, baled	13.00
No. 1 Clover Hay, bulk	11.00

RETAIL PRODUCE.
(Market corrected daily by the Thomas and the Piper groceries)
Country butter 33c; Creamery 35c; Fresh Eggs 34c doz; Spring Chickens, alive, 20c lb.; dressed, 28c lb; Storage Eggs, 30c doz.

Every Woman
is interested and should know about the wonderful MARVEL Whirling Spray
The new Vaginal Syringe. Best—Most convenient. It cleanses instantly.
Ask your druggist for it. If he cannot supply the MARVEL, accept no other, but send stamp for illustrated book—sealed. It gives full particulars and directions invaluable to ladies. MARVEL CO., 44 East 23d Street, New York.

CHURCHES

German Ev. Reformed—Wayne and West streets, Rev. H. C. Schlueter, D. D., pastor. Sunday school at 9 o'clock; Divine worship at 10:15, and 7.15 p. m

Anniversary Day—Sunday, November 3, will be a special day for the members, especially for the Men of the German Reformed Church of Lima. On that day the Men's League (Maennerbund) will celebrate its second anniversary. The present membership of the league is fifty-eight. The officers are: President Rev. H. C. Schlueter, Vice President, Mr. Henry Deisel, Sr., Secretary, Mr. Rudolph Geiser, Treasurer, Mr. Thomas Burkhardt. The league meets on the third Thursday in the month at 7:30 p. m. in the assembly room of the parish house.

The anniversary service this Sunday will begin at the usual time, 10:15 a. m. but the members of the league will meet in the assembly room, ten minutes before the time of service at 10:15 sharp march together into the church.

A special program is arranged for this service including special music by the organist, the Maennerchor and the church choir, and a special sermon by the president on "Builders, and How to Build." Nehemiah 4:15-21.

You are cordially invited to join us. Come, let us get together, worship together, think together, and learn "how to build" together. It is important to know how to do a thing. Everybody wants to be successful. Everybody must first learn and know how.

First Congregational Church—Rally Day exercises will be held in the Sunday school promptly at 9:15 a. m. At this service Rev. Butler, Bluffton Ohio, a specialist in Sunday school work will give a special talk to the children. There will be a special program by the school. Complete program will be found elsewhere in these columns. It is hoped that there will be a banner attendance at this Rally Service. All members and friends of the church are urged to attend. At 10:30 Rev. Butler will address the school and congregation in the main auditorium upon a subject of live interest to young and old. There will be no evening service. Junior C. E. at 2.30. Senior C. E. at 6:00 p. m.

First U. B. Church—Cor. Spring and Union streets, Rev. J. B. Bovey, pastor. The following order of service will be observed: A meeting of the teachers of the Sunday school is called for 8:30 a. m. prompt, to be followed by the Sunday school at 9:00 Mr. J. C. Schlegel, Supt. The morning service will begin at 10:15 at which time the children will occupy the choir seats and Rev. Bovey's sermon will be especially designed to interest them.

Junior C. E. at 2:30. Senior C. E. at 6:00, leader Mr. Leroy Little, and the topic will be "Christian Virtues-Zeal." The evening service of the church will begin at 7:00 at which time the pastor will use the subject "Gideon's Band." Our quarterly conference will be held next Tuesday evening at 7:30. Friday evening the choir of our church will render a cantata entitled, "King Alcohol," which promises to be very interesting and instructive. We invite you to each service or meeting.

Zions Ev. Luth. Church—on N. Union street, Rev. David F. Schultz, pastor. Sunday school at 9:15. John A. Mohr, Supt. Divine services for the twenty-second Sunday after Trinity at 10:30 a. m. and 7:30 p. m. Special reformation services both morning and evening. The Ladies Aid and Missionary will meet Wednesday afternoon with Mrs O. L. DeWeese, 625 north Elizabeth street. Catechical lectures Saturday at 1:30 and 2:30 p. m. You are cordially invited to attend our services.

The Salvation Army—Union and Market streets, Adjt. H. H. Bayes, officer. Meetings every night on the square. Sunday school 2:00 p. m.; Union and Wayne, 3:15 p. m., Young People's 6:30 p. m., on Square 7:30 p. m., Preaching 8:15 p. m., subject Peniel. We will visit the sick and dying at any time.

Trinity Methodist Episcopal—M. B. Fuller, pastor. 9:15 a. m. Bible school, A. K. Hall Supt. Uniform lessons for Seniors. Other departments graded lessons. 10.30 a. m. Foreign Mission service, Dr. Figley in charge; 2.20 p. m. Personal Workers league, Y. M. C. A., 6 p. m. Epworth league, leaders Aleen Kable, Francis Sinder; 7 p. m. sermon, theme "What is Christianity?" second in series for young people. Special music. Cordial welcome.

High Street U. B. Church—Sunday school 9:15 a. m., J. C. Butler, Supt. The Ladies' Aid will meet at the home of the president, Mrs. John L. Sherd of north Charles street, Thursday, afternoon. Prayer meeting Thursday night at 7:30.

Market St. Pres. Church—Corner Market and West streets, Rev. Thomas Knox, minister. Sabbath school at 9.15, C. W. Donaldson, Supt. Morning worship at 10.45, evening at 7.00. Rev. Knox, the new pastor, will preach in the morning "Walking with God" and in the evening "The Enthusiasm of Jesus." Christian Endeavor at 6:00 p. m. Prayer meeting at 7:30 Thursday evening.

Grace Methodist Episcopal—H. J. Jewett, pastor. Sunday school at 9:00 a. m. The orchestra begins on time. Late comers will miss the opening number. Morning sermon at 10:30 by the pastor, "The Description of Faith." Evening sermon at 7:00, the subject of sermon "Sin in Man." This will be the first of a series of Sunday evening sermons on old-fashioned subjects. Epworth league and class meeting at 6 p. m. Mrs. Fred Calvert will be in charge of the choir both morning and evening.

First Baptist Church—The Sunday school convenes promptly at 9:15 followed by worship and sermon at 10:30. Young People's meeting at 6 o'clock, followed by the evening preaching service at 7 o'clock. The subjects for the sermons will be: morning, "The Limitations of Life." Evening, "Christianity in its Fullest Bloom." There will be special and inspiring music by the choir. Tuesday evening there will be a meeting of the board of deacons in the minister's study.

On Wednesday evening the prayer meeting of the South Side Baptist church will be held at 7:30 the minister of the First church will have charge of the services. On Thursday evening the regular prayer meeting of the church will be held at 7:30. A most cordial and hearty invitation is extended to all the different services of this church.

Special Rally Day Services—will be held at the First Congregational Church Sunday at 9:15. A fine program consisting of vocal and instrumental music, recitations by classes and individuals, and an address by Rev. J. H. Butler of Bluffton, Ohio, on a live topic concerning Sunday school work. Everybody cordially invited to attend the service.

PROGRAM
Music—Orchestra.
Hymn—School.
Opening prayer—Dr. J. G. Thomas
Vocal Solo Ethel Williams
Recitation—23rd Psalm.
Miss Duma's clas
Piano Solo—Harold Shook.
Recitation—Lillian Williams.
Thank You Prayer—Primary Class.
Address Rev. J. H. Butler.
Hymn—School.
Recitation—The Beatitudes Miss Jones' class.
Vocal Solo—Harry Werst.
Secretary's Report
Hymn—School

International Bible Student's Association Jackson Hall—Interesting and profitable Bible studies at 2:30 p. m. and 7.00 p. m. Sunday, November 3rd. Cordial invitation is extended to all who desire to attend these meetings.

Spring Street Lutheran—Corner Spring and Pierce streets, G. C. Schaub, pastor. Sunday school at the regular hour, 9.15, R. E. Sweeney, Supt. Morning service at 10:30; evening worship at 7.00, theme of the day "The Christ Drama," or "The Church Before the Reformation." The series will begin at the morning service and be continued in the evening. Both Luther League and Junior League meet at the same hour 6:00, leader, Luther League Mrs. Iris Kasson and R. E. Sweeney, Junior League. Following is the week's program: Monday 7:15 Teachers' meeting. Monday 7:45, Brotherhood, Tuesday 7:45 Mission Study Banquet at the church. Wednesday afternoon 2.30 Ladies' Aid Wednesday evening Luther League convention at Wapakoneta; Thursday 7:30 prayer meeting, leader W. N. Bowsher, Ladies' Aid "Talent Social" on Friday evening at the home of Mrs. Stevens, 615 North Metcalf street.

Christ Episcopal Church—The Rev. Mr. Griffin, rector of St. Mark's church, Kansas City, Mo., will fill the pulpit at the regular services at Christ Church Episcopal, corner North and West streets Sunday, November 3.

Olivet Presbyterian—We are expecting a large attendance at the Olivet Presbyterian church Sunday. The minister will conduct both services at 10:30 and 7:00. The evening subject will be in the interest of the young people and the subject will be "The Young Man a Young Woman Should Marry." The Sunday school will meet at 9:15 and every officer, teacher, scholar and visitor is urged to be present on time. The Junior Society will meet at two o'clock. The Young People will meet at 6:00. Prayer meeting for men at 6:30, led by the minister. Prayer and social meeting Thursday evening at 7:30. The public is cordially invited to attend all services.

South Side Church of Christ—Frederick C. Lake, minister. Regular church services at 10:30 and 7.00. The sermon subject for the morning will be "The Correcting Influence of God's House." In the evening it will be "The Passing of the Old Order." Bible school promptly at 9:00; lesson for the adult classes, "The Sign and the Leaven" Mark 8:11-26. Graded lessons for all other classes. Christian Endeavor Consecration meeting at 6:00 with the President, Mr. Russell Born, as leader. A cordial invitation is extended to you to attend any and all of those services.

Calvary Reformed Church—west Wayne street near Main. A. G. Grkeler. Sunday school at 9:15 in charge of Mr. D. R. Cantieny. Worship at 10:30. No evening service. Consistory meets Monday evening.

RETAIL FRUIT MARKET.
Thomas and Piper Quotations.
Dates, per lb 10 and 15c. Bananas, per doz., 15, 20 and 25c; Florida Oranges, per dozen, 25c; Figs, per lb, 15@20c; Old Mission Oranges, 25, 30 and 50c; Pineapples new 15 and 20c; Smock peaches, $2.50 bushel; lemons, 35@40c; grape fruit, 2 for 25c.

Use The News Want Column.

TASTE, SMELL AND HEARING RESTORED

A SIMPLE, HARMLESS REMEDY QUICKLY RELIEVES CATARRHAL DEAFNESS.

The thousands who suffer the miseries of colds and catarrh and claim they have never found a cure can get instant relief by simply anointing the nostrils with Ely's Cream Balm.

Unlike internal medicines which upset the stomach, or strong snuffs which only aggravate the trouble, this cleansing, healing, antiseptic Balm instantly reaches the seat of the trouble, stops the nasty discharge, clears the nose head and throat, and brings back the sense of taste, smell and improves the hearing. More than this, it strengthens the weakened and diseased tissues, thus protecting you against a return of the trouble. This remedy will cure a cold in a day, and prevent its becoming chronic or resulting in catarrh.

Nasal catarrh is an inflammation of the membrane lining the air passages, and cannot be reached by mixtures taken into the stomach, nor can it be cured by snuffs and powders which only cause additional irritation. Don't waste time on them. Get a 50-cent bottle of Ely's Cream Balm from your druggist, and after using it for a day you will wish you had tried it sooner.

Mothers should give the children Ely's Cream Balm for colds and croup. It is perfectly harmless, and pleasant to take.

Agent—H. F. Vortkamp.

SAVINGS TALK NO. 26

Helps To Success

No matter what your station in life, saving helps to success. Opportunities for making money come to nearly every man sooner or later. ONLY THOSE with available funds at their command can act. If you wish to be a success, think of saving as well as getting. Why not start now?

5 Per Cent Interest

Allowed on savings accounts and Certificates of Deposit, payable each six months. $1.00 will start you.

Office Hours—Daily from 8 a. m. to 4 p. m.; Saturdays, from 8 a. m. to 8 p. m.

ASSETS OVER $1,550,000.00

THE CITIZENS' LOAN & BUILDING CO
321 N. Main St., Lima, Ohio.
O. FRANCIS, President.
L. A. FELTZ, Secretary.

Beware of Imitations and Cheap Substitutes

Baker's Breakfast Cocoa

IS THE STANDARD FOR QUALITY

For all those whose occupations require clear heads and steady nerves, as well as those in poor health or of delicate digestive powers, it is the ideal beverage.

TRADE-MARK ON EVERY PACKAGE

Booklet of Choice Recipes Sent Free

Walter Baker & Co. Ltd. Dorchester, Mass.

Established 1780

MOTHER OF KRAMER STILL BELIEVES HER BOY IS NOT GUILTY

Recovering from a nervous break down Saturday morning, Mrs. Kate Kramer, of 522 west Vine street, mother of Charles Newton Kramer, alias Conway, the "flying comet" incriminated in Chicago on the charge of murder following the confession of his wife, Beatrice Ryall, announced that he confidence in her son was unshaken

When informed late Friday evening that the "burlesque actress," Kramer's wife, had confessed, charging the local man with the murder of Sophia Gertrude Singer, Mrs Kramer nearly collapsed.

Saturday morning she protested the innocence of her son. "Not until I hear it from his own lips will I believe that Charley has committed murder,' she reiterated. "He couldn't do it—he wasn't that kind of a boy. In my opinion he is the victim of circumstantial evidence, or perhaps unscrupulous women. I am sure he will come clear of the charge"

James Kramer, father of the young man, also expressed confidence in his son. "We are poor," said Mr. Kramer, "but all efforts will be bent to give Charley an ample defense."

Questioned by a News man Saturday morning, Miss Ora Kramer, an eighteen year old sister of the suspect, declared that "nobobdy believed it." "We don't talk about it at alll," she stated. "Deep down in our hearts we all believe Charley is innocent, and the less said about it here, the better we feel."

Mr. Kramer this morning did not know whether or not he would go to Chicago at once. The Kramer's were informed of Beatrice Ryall's confession by the Daily News.

Walter Bowman, assistant court stenographer who was pressed into service here Thursday evening by Detectives Egan and O'Connor of the Chicago department early Friday evening forwarded the transcrip of Mrs. Kramer's testimony to the Chicago detectives.

Word from Chicago last night was to the effect that the preliminary confession of Mrs. Kramer here would play an important part in the case. With only the stenographer present, Detectives Egan and O'Connor gave her a merciless grilling which exposed several important facts. These will be used in the trial.

What Happened this Morning?

. . HARVARD . .

OPENED IT'S GREAT CLOTHING SALE.

If you have not read the particulars THEN SEE YESTERDAY'S PAPERS. EVERYBODY CAN COME.

WHAT WILL HAPPEN NOW?

BIG VALUES. BIG BUSINESS. BIG TALK.

CLASSY SUITS AND OVERCOATS AND PANTS.

Pants $1.50 to $6 | **Harvard's Big Special Sale.** | Suits and Overcoats $10-$15

111 W. High St., Opposite Opera House.

BOULEVARD TO CHANGE MAP OF RESIDENT LIMA

If Plan Goes Through New Additions Will Be Offered

BACK TO COUNTRY MOVEMENT HAS JUST BEEN STARTED SAY EXPERTS.

COUNTRY HOMES WOULD REACH AROUND CIRCLE.

MORE HOUSES TO RENT IN LIMA NOW THAN HAVE BEEN ON MARKET IN YEAR.

The plan to build a boulevard from the present terminus of west Market street in a semi circle to connect with the Spencerville road just west of the Western Ohio power station, means an immense allotment of new building sites in the West End which is looked upon as a change in the map of resident Lima.

Such an enterprise and improvement would throw the acreage west of Woodlawn avenue into the most delightful of residence plots. Real estate men conceded that residential Lima has about reached its limits for the wealthy and well-to-do people, through the absorption of all desirable lots in the Lakewood addition about the city park. While there are numerous lots on Cole, Lakewood and cross thoroughfares, the cream of the allotment rests in strong hands and is not on the market. A value of $2,000 is now placed on all vacant fifty-foot lots between Elm and Lakewood and on Lakewood for almost its entire stretch. A few of the far east end lots west of the street car line through the park can be had from $1,200 to $1,500 but nothing east of the street car line is available under $2,000. With such a condition existing and with building only retarded because of the high cost of building materials or inability to turn present property, real estate experts say some new high-priced land allotments must come on the market.

At the present time there is nothing available at a desirable distance save the country home sections about the Country Club and all of these have been virtually purchased. In fact the entire stretch of land an acre deep from the Erie crossing of the Spencerville road to the Children's Home bridge has been sold. The boulevard from Market street to the Erie will meet acre-allotments of all the land intervening, which will find a ready market, while if this territory is permitted to lie much longer unimproved the class of buildings now dotting it will soon ruin all possibility of making it desirable for high priced building. A boulevard will turn undesirable land into high-priced values per foot frontage.

The property owners of this tract realize this thoroughly as do the land owners farther out such as McBeth and Berryman, who have lot sales now on. This is the cream of available residential prospects and a boulevard will turn the tide. Purchasers of land in this section will find big returns coming their way should this boulevard enterprise go through. Just now the Berryman second allotment is finding a ready market and will continue to do so in all probability, but a clinching of the boulevard project will jump its real value to buyers.

MANY HOUSES ON MARKET.

Despite the fact that Lima was never more prosperous and that few people of whatsoever class that cannot but find employment, rental bureaus report a surplus of vacant houses. This is usually up in flats on account of the heat, gas and light expenses. One rental man stated to The News yesterday that he found it almost impossible to fill houses on his list renting from $22 up. He still has some demand for $15 houses, but many of these are idle. This is not a serious condition, but a climatic one and Lima's demand will round to with he spring season.

KEEP WARM

these nights under an Inner Stitched Comfort, Special $1.98

NEUMAN & KETTLER

ELECTION RETURNS ON TRAINS

Pennsylvania Lines Passengers Will Receive News En Route.

Bulletins of election returns will keep passengers on Pennsylvania Lines posted about political situation Tuesday night. Frequent bulletins will be received on through trains en route, including the Manhattan Limited for New York leaving Lima 3:22 p. m.

NEW INCORPORATIONS.

(By United Press)

Columbus, O., Nov. 2.—The Willoughby Realty Co., Cleveland, $10,000; The Dayton Paper Bottle Co., Dayton, $75,000; The Seas Show Co., Cleveland, $10,000; The Nock Fire rick Co., Cleveland, $25,000. The Gem City Machine Co., Dayton, $25,000.

STEAMER SINKS AND 16 DROWN

(By United Press)

Montreal, Que., Nov. 2.—Word reached here today that during the tremendous storm last night the steamer Cecille, a small boat which plies between Montreal and Valley Field, sank at Isle Perrot in Lake St. Louis, ten miles west of here. As far as can be learned at least sixteen persons have been drowned, men, women and children. Only four passengers were saved, all men.

Soon after leaving the Lachine Canal and entering the Lake the storm caught the frail little craft, which only weighed 125 tons. The violence of the storm increased and the Cecille then got out of control completely. With the force of the 65 mile an hour gale behind her she rushed towards the south shore and struck the rocky Ilse Perrot with a force that smashed her thin wooden hull to fragments and threw passengers and crew into the water.

Real Zealot.

"What is a misdirected zealot, Uncle William?" "A misdirected zealot, Georgie, is a man who, when his house is burning, is so determined to keep the flames from being fanned that he kicks his dog for wagging its tail."

Books Ruthlessly Destroyed.

The Puritans destroyed many collections of books in the monasteries, and even Cromwell burned the Oxford library, then one of the finest in Europe. Extremists in revolution, as in religion, have been equally destructive as regards books. The Spanish inquisition and the French revolution were as one in this respect. The crusaders were destroyers of what they regarded as heretical books, and in Russia today the war of orthodoxy on sectarian dissent still manifests itself, among other things, in the ruthless destruction of the books of the nonconformists.

His Job.

Visitor (seeking information)—"Excuse me, but are you the oldest inhabitant?" Native—"No, sir; I be only the village idiot."—Punch.

TO VOTE FOR TAFT, PUT YOUR CROSS UNDER THE EAGLE, OR A CROSS BEFORE EACH AND EVERY ELECTOR ON THE REPUBLICAN TICKET.

11-2-3t

Was Good—Didn't Get Measles.

The subject of measles came up in a family that had a small boy in it. "Have you had the measles yet, Charles Robert?" asked the visitor. "No," the youngster replied. "I did think I was going to have them last week, but I was real good for three or four days, and I guess I won't have them now at all"

Women in Telephone Service.

About one-third of the 18,000 employes in the British telephone service are women.

Success in Audacity.

Great effects come of industry and perseverance; for audacity doth almost bind and mate the weaker sort of minds.—Bacon.

NO GRAIN MARKET.

Chicago, Nov. 2.—Grain trading was suspended here today on account of the funeral of Vice-President Sherman.

POLICE

CHARACTER ESCAPES FROM ASYLUM AND RUNS AMUCK.

GOES TO HOME OF MOTHER, STEALS A CHAIR AND IS ARRESTTD.

Escaping from the county infirmary where he had been committed by city officials, Wesley Jacobs, aged 50, a police character, ran amuck again at the home of his mother, Mrs. Mamaugh, on Charles street, late Friday afternoon, and after stealing a rocking chair and pawning the furniture for drink, was captured by Patrolman Snyder.

Police officials today are puzzled over what disposal to make of the prisoner. Afflicted with a loathsome disease, he has several times been committed to the county infirmary. Each time, he made a get-away and returned to the home of his motsher. Several weeks ago he stole the family clock and "hocked" it to obtain money for liquor. Jacobs is in a serious condition at the city prison.

To the cold wave that swept over the city Friday evening, Mayor Shook assigned the heavy police docket this morning. There were six prisoners arraigned on a charge of drunkenness Fred Clark and Wesley Jacobs, old-timers, got $5.00 and costs. The following were fined $1.00 and costs: John Roth, J. F. Anderson, Joseph Bushel and W. C. Feltman.

COLD WAVE BRINGS FIRST SNOW STORM

First snow of the winter fell in Lima at 7:30 o'clock Saturday morning. Accompanied by a cold wave from the northwest a wintry blast swept over the streets of the city and drove many pedestrians to cover. Flakes fell intermittently for more than an hour, followed by a moderate gust which threatened a big snowstorm by midnight.

Mr. E R. Gallagher, of west Market street, is enjoying a visit from his brother, Mr. P H. Gallagher, of Washington, D. C.

APPENDICITIS

If you are constipated, you may be stricken with appendicitis any moment and subjected to dangerous operations. Keep well—keep your liver in order, your stomach sweet, your bowels free.

SCHENCK'S MANDRAKE PILLS

are tonic to all these important organs and keep them in perfect order and condition, giving quick relief and ultimate freedom from serious disorders.

Wholly vegetable; absolutely harmless. Sold everywhere, plain or sugar coated, 25c a box. Send for our free medical book

Dr. J. H. Schenck & Son, Philadelphia

UNIQUE

METHOD OF TRANSPORTING A DRUNK TO CITY PRISON.

COULDN'T WALK BUT WAS ABLE TO RIDE A FINE HORSE.

City police resorted to a unique method of patrol service late Friday afternoon. The novel sight of a plain drunk perched aboard the arched back of a city fire horse greeted west Market street pedestrians. Eclipsing their efforts in bringing the central department chemical wagon into play, a fire horse was summoned and Joseph P. Bushel, 45, arrested for drunkenness, placed upon the steed. With Plainclothesman Waters leading, the strange pageant moved east on Market street from Cole. At McDonald street, however, Bushel, the victim, lost his balance and slid to the ground. The prisoner was then marched to the central station.

Plainclothesman Waters was called to Market and Cole streets at 3:30 o'clock upon complaint of residents of that locality that a drunken man had run amuck. He found Bushel staggering near the corner.

"I'm a jockey and can ride anything from a 2:20 pacer to a Texas broncho," exclaimed the man wildly as the officer questioned him.

Firemen from the central department were exercising their horses on west Market street and Waters hailed them. Bushed was assisted to the saddle. The plainclothesman led the peculiar parade holding the animal by the bridle. When the prisoner slipped off the job was tossed up and Bushel assisted to the city bastile on foot.

Pleading guilty to a drunk charge this morning, the ex-jockey got $1 and costs.

Hadn't Seen Them.

"You know," said Miss Oddways, looking critically at a picture that a friend had purchased, "that landscape does remind me so of Mr. Vermillion's work. You've seen his pictures, of course?"

"No," said the friend frankly, "I haven't——"

"Not seen Mr. Vermillion's paintings! Why, my dear, and you an art connoisseur! I understand he has a picture in every saloon in Paris."

Religion.

Religion is a thing that most men intend to acquire after they have succeeded in getting everything else they want.

Not Enough.

Virtue is its own reward, we are told, but most people think it should offer greater inducements.—Puck.

NEW CALIFORNIA DRIED PEACHES.

New dried Peaches, absolutely fancy at 3 pounds for 25c, 2 pounds fancy Apricots 25c; 3 pounds seeded or seedless Raisins for 25c.

LIMA TEA COMPANY.

10-30-4t

Origin of the Toast.

The word "toast," as applied to a health drunk in some one's honor comes from the old custom of offering the pieces of toast floating in the punch bowl to the most distinguished guests present at the banquet.—Ave Maria.

Meaning Money.

"Now, my son, I am giving you all the chance in the world to take a liberal education." "Right, dad, and I'll take it just as fast as you can afford to send it on."

RESPECT FOR SHERMAN.

(By United Press)

New York, Nov. 2.—The stock exchange was closed today on account of ice-President Sherman's funeral.

Ah, Spots Are Trimmed At Last By A.A.C. Lads

MURDERER WHO BEGGED FOR DEATH GETS IT.

Ozark, Ark., Nov. 2.—Ferdinand Claublitz, just hanged here, took his defense from his attorney's hands and asked the jury to return a first degree verdict as he was a murderer and believed in the eye-for-an-eye doctrine.

Found His Place.

Two New England men were talking over the days of their boyhood when one referred to an old schoolmate who had a most unfortunate disposition.

"I often wonder what became of Dick," said his friend. "It always seemed to me that it wouldn't be possible for him to get any enjoyment out of life or to find any sort of work that suited him."

"Oh, he's fixed all right," said the other man. "I saw him in Chicago last year, where he has a job that suits him perfectly. He is station master in a place where there are fifty trains a day coming and going, and Dick sees somebody miss every one of them"

TO VOTE FOR TAFT, PUT YOUR CROSS UNDER THE EAGLE, OR A CROSS BEFORE EACH AND EVERY ELECTOR ON THE REPUBLICAN TICKET.

11-2-3t

Help and Be Happy.

Happiness is not a task. It is not even an occupation It is a quality of life. Happiness depends on helpfulness. That's the reason joy is social Helpfulness keeps happiness because it adds to the area of affection. People are not happy when they seek after happiness. They become steeped in happiness when they undertake to promote the joy of others.—Walter Williams.

This Will Do.

Callahan—Oi want to git a book to put the photographs av all me relatives in. Oi think this wan will do.

Shopman—But that isn't a family album, sir; that's a scrapbook

Callahan—Oh, that's all right, young man; all av me relatives were scrappers.

Good Work of Dental Surgeons.

There are thirty dental surgeries for school children in Sweden Great benefit has been derived from them, the children showing marked improvement.

Dutch in Russian Flag.

Peter the Great made the Russian flag. He liked the Dutch so much that he just turned their colors around.

A Misogynist Purist.

"I read a piece in the paper the other day," says Noah Count of Chiggerbite, "where they referred to the 'remains' of a man who was blown up by dynamite. Wouldn't 'remnants' have been a little more exact?"

Lighthouse Service Costly.

During the last fifty years the lighthouse service of the United States has cost a total of $150,000,000.

SPECIAL MUSIC.

There will be special music at the services of the Olivet Presbyterian church Sunday. The large chorus choir will sing "Out of the Deep" and "How Lovely Are Thy Dwellings." Mr. George will sing at the evening service. There will be reserved seats for the young people when the minister will preach on "The Young Man a Young Woman Should Marry." This sermon will be delivered at 7:00.

INVADING TEN PIN ARTISTS CAME TO GRIEF FRIDAY NIGHT.

Captain Ferguson came to town last evening with his Spots and for the first time in many moons returned home minus the coon skin, his bunch of mineralite artists being taken into camp by the A. C. C. team. The absence of Hughey Johnson and several other shining lights may have had a somewhat depressing effect on their effectiveness but in any event the Lima bunch trimmed them and feel confident of duplicating when they next tackle the enemy on their own stamping ground. The bowling was not of the best but Charley Oliver admitted the home boys rolled in tough luck and that proof positive that they should have had better totals. Stepleton was high individual with 215 and a close second to Raggenkemper for high total, the latter showing 539 to Stepe's 534. The score:

Van Wert Spots.

Beamer	147	168	178
Raggenkemper	139	188	212
Scholler	116	141	147
Frohner	128	133	137
Stump	204	158	128
Totals	734	788	802
Team Total			2324

Allen County Club.

Barrington	176	138	175
Chesler	181	135	148
Busick	165	135	146
Stepleton	140	179	215
Cook	149	184	170
Totals	811	771	854
Team Total			2436

KEEP WARM

these nights under an Inner Stitched Comfort, Special $1.98

NEUMAN & KETTLER

Cut This Out

CAN YOU NAME YOUR REPUBLICAN CANDIDATES ON THE SEPARATE JUDICIAL BALLOT? IF NOT, HERE THEY ARE.

	For Judges of Supreme Court Long Term.
X	JAMES I. ALLREAD.
X	LOUIS H. WINCH.
	Short Term.
X	WILLIAM T. SPEAR.
	For Judge of Circuit Court.
X	GEORGE E. SCHROTH.
	For Judge of Probate Court.
X	E. G. DEMPSTER.

11-1-4t

MOOSE SPECIAL

Carrying An Even Dozen Makes Brief Stop in Lima.

An even dozen were in the state Protection and Prosperity Special sent out by the G. O. U. to offset the effects of the Bull Moose Special, which stopped in Lima Friday evening. The following were registered at the Lima House: John M. Harlan, Chicago; Angus Erly, Chicago, H. M Daugherty, Joseph Boyle, A. E. McKee, Carl Rieth, Seth L. McMillan, David Jones, Roy King, J. W. Buckmaster, Columbus; J. P. Carrothers, Port Clinton, and L. Rochelle, Cincinnati.

The party checked out at 7:30 o'clock Saturday morning.

Avoid Impure Milk

for Infants and Invalids

Get

HORLICK'S

It means the Original and Genuine

MALTED MILK

"Others are Imitations"

The Food-Drink for all Ages.

Rich milk, malted grain, in powder form. For infants, invalids and growing children. Pure nutrition, upbuilding the whole body. Invigorates nursing mothers and the aged.

More healthful than tea or coffee. Agrees with the weakest digestion. Keep it on your sideboard at home. A quick lunch prepared in a minute.

Take no substitute. Ask for HORLICK'S.

HORLICK'S Contains Pure Milk

Constipated? Go To Your Doctor

It is impossible to be well, simply impossible, if the bowels are constipated. Waste products, poisonous substances, must be removed from the body at least once each day, or there will be trouble. Ask your doctor about Ayer's Pills, gently laxative, all vegetable. He knows why they act directly on the liver.

J. C. Ayer Co., Lowell, Mass.